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## THE FENIANS.

THE successive steps which the Government has been forced to take, in dealing with the Fenians, are enough to show that the movement is a serious and a dangerous one. It may be very foolish that Irishmen should think that, by casting bullets in cellars and hiding pikes in haystacks, they can overcome the whole strength of the British Empire; but as they are foolish enough to think this, and to risk, if not their lives, certainly their comfort and personal freedom, in carrying out their opinion, their folly hurts us as well as themselves. The theory that this is a mere frenzy of the mob, anxious to pull everything down, to spoil the rich, and feed on the fat of the land, is evidently untrue. There are no educated Fenians or rich Fenians or wise Fenians; but the ignorant, poor, silly Fenians who do exist are manifestly not actuated by a wish for plunder. Their main notion is that they are fighting, or ready to fight, for their country; and the tie of patriotism, or what they regard as patriotism, is found to be with them, as it is with other nations, or sections of nations, in the present day, the strongest and most operative of all human ties—stronger than the tie of religion, and even stronger than the tie of self-interest. It is difficult for Englishmen to realize the existence of such a force in Irishmen, because we are conscious of no reason why it should exist. We are sincerely anxious that Irishmen should see in the British Empire the country to which their affections should cling, and the honour of which they should be ready to support with their lives. We know that there once existed an Ireland apart from England—an Ireland down-trodden, unjustly governed, wantonly degraded. Men who then wished Ireland to be righted or avenged we can understand, and pardon. But, to our minds, all that is past now. We have turned over a new leaf. We have for some years tried to govern Ireland as a part of England, as justly, as patiently, as mildly as we could. The case for an aggrieved, a separate, an alien Ireland has passed away; and we therefore take it for granted that Ireland has been merged in the British Empire, because it ought to have been so merged. Fenianism is a protest against us and our illusion. The poor wretches who aid in working out the plans which their ignorant and uncalculating leaders suggest to them have none but the very faintest notion how Fenianism is to prosper, or how they are to contribute to its prosperity. But they are deeply penetrated with the conviction that Ireland is their country, and that their country is, and ought to be, very dear to them—so dear, that they will risk anything for her sake, and will blindly obey the orders of those who profess to speak in her name. It is difficult to say what vein of popular thought could have been more unwelcome with us. We could easily deal with an insurrection like that of SMITH O'BRIEN, for we could teach men like SMITH O'BRIEN how absurd it was to go into the field against us, and how very slightly a cabbage-garden can protect a patriot against the keen eyes of a triumphant police. With robbers and assassins, with levellers and fanatics, we could deal, for their courage would evaporate when their leaders were caught, and consigned to the fate they deserved. But to deal with enthusiasts who think that their nation has been down-trodden, and has now a hope of rising again to her proper glory, and who are ready to brave the law for her sake, and to disregard in her cause the threatenings of their spiritual guides, is by no means a light and easy matter.

The city and county of Dublin have been proclaimed, and placed under a peculiar kind of limited martial law, which permits the agents of the Government to search where they please for arms; and arms have been found, not in any very great quantities, but in quantities sufficient to indicate that those who superintended the manufacture are in no want of money, and that those who make and

distribute the arms are zealous and industrious. In every part of Ireland, too, there is apprehension, and signs are obvious to watchful eyes that the minds of a large portion of the peasantry are wrapped up in the one absorbing thought of the approaching triumph of Fenianism. Arrests have been made at the same time in Longford and in Clare, and a panic reigns at once in Tipperary and Armagh. If this panic grows, and provokes, as it is almost sure to do, the outbreak it dreads, then there will be an agrarian civil war, and the furious pent-up passions of the Orangemen will seek with delight a welcome relief in the duty of trampling out of existence the miserable creatures who are at least by birth Catholics, who shout the old cry of "Ireland for the Irish," and who, if not mere plunderers or socialists, are very willing that their richer neighbours should be made exceedingly uncomfortable. Even in England, precautions have to be taken lest Irishmen, in their drunken or fanatical patriotism, should think that they will be doing some little for old Erin if they can burn down a wharf or a custom-house of their Saxon tyrants. It will be in the last degree foolish and wicked if they make such attempts, but the danger lest they should make them may exist nevertheless. When once a people are thoroughly imbued with a notion that they are fighting the cause of their country, every trifling damage they can inflict is hailed as a sign that those who inflict it are honest patriots, and that the oppressor is not to be left secure and comfortable in his oppression. It did no service whatever to the cause of the Confederates when the women of New Orleans offered insults to General BUTLER and his soldiers. The offenders were instantly punished, and had no hope of escaping punishment, other than that which might have sprung from the consciousness of their own weakness. It is perfectly foolish and inoperative when a Venetian refuses to speak to an Austrian officer. Austria equally holds the Quadrilateral, whether he speaks to his enemy or not. But the ill-will of the Venetians is thus kept alive, and each man thus tacitly pledges himself to his neighbours that he will never cease to hate and oppose the oppressors of his country. Irishmen have not got nearly so far as this. They do not, so far as we know, hate Englishmen as Venetians hate Austrians, or as the inhabitants of New Orleans hated General BUTLER. But, although so very much milder in degree, the spirit that animates Fenians, and prompts them to store up pikes, and take oaths to each other, and vow themselves to the service of the Irish Republic, is the same. It is true that the national antipathy of Ireland to England seemed to be wearing away, and might, in a few years of happy communion of interests and pursuits, have faded away altogether, had it not been that a beam of unexpected hope suddenly shone on the dying cause of Irishism; and hope, as usual, kindled a patriotism that would otherwise have been extinguished. The source of this hope lay in the issue of the American civil war. That war has added to the importance of Irishmen in the States, and shown them how very formidable a foe America would be even to England, and inspired them with a conviction that the Americans hate England and long to punish her, and would be delighted to aid the Irish in setting up Ireland as a thorn in her side.

If it is true that the Fenians in the United States have contributed a million sterling, or anything like a million sterling, for the purpose of the movement, this alone is enough to prove how deeply the prospect of creating a national existence for Ireland, as apart from England, stirs the ardour of Irishmen, with what tenacity they cling to the idea, and how far they will go to promote it. The quarrels of the Fenian President and the Fenian Senate in America have been in the last degree ludicrous, but Fenianism apparently is not to be lulled by ridicule, and both the President and the Senate bow to the authority of the unnumbered mass whom they represent. Nor is it to be supposed that men sheltered in perfect impunity by the protection of the United States, and having a very large

sum at their command, will let a scheme die out that is so very advantageous to them personally, and which we believe they honestly consider to have its own merits and justification. It is said that they are quite determined to try a raid into Canada, and if they were not stopped by the authorities of the United States, and chose their time and opportunity well, they might cause the Canadian Government great momentary embarrassment. Fortunately, the Canadians, by a very overwhelming majority, are firmly attached to British rule, and no band of raiders could do more than occupy and plunder a district of Canada until regular troops were sent against them. But the misery and ruin they might cause in a few days are frightful to think of; and the inhabitants of a peaceful Canadian village who see their farms and houses burnt, and their families assaulted or killed, will not be much comforted by the thought that England will be certain to avenge them. On this side of the Atlantic, too, money may be spent so as to work great mischief. Neither one million sterling, nor a thousand millions sterling, would be sufficient to establish a hostile Republic on the other side of St. George's Channel; but the half or the quarter of a million would be enough to establish an agency that might keep the Irish population in a revolutionary ferment for years, and keep Ireland exposed to its greatest danger—the danger, namely, lest the threat, or the commission, of acts of violence should lead to acts of violence in retaliation, and provinces should be disturbed, and ruin everywhere spread, by the outrages of a chronic civil strife. There is nothing, indeed, to be done more than we have done and are doing. We can but show firmness and mercy as each may be needed. We can but have the principal offenders brought before courts of justice, patiently and honestly tried, and condemned to punishments sufficient to convey a warning, but still as little severe as possible. It is the height of kindness to take away arms that might be turned to mischievous purposes, and military science is adapted to one of its most useful ends when it so arranges bodies of troops as to secure that an overwhelming force shall be brought to bear on any point in the least possible time. There is nothing more to be done for Ireland and the Irish than to be as kind and just and conciliatory towards them as possible; and happily every party in the two Houses of Parliament is ready to do all that it may think possible to help Ireland and befriend her, and atone for the past as far as may still be practicable. But good intentions do not alter facts; and however sure we may be of our own strength, and however clearly we may see that the success of Fenianism would be the greatest of all curses to Ireland, yet it does not help us in any way to treat a grave matter lightly, or to speak as if we could hear of the dangers of Ireland without a sharp pang and a sense of keen mortification.

#### AMERICA.

THE PRESIDENT of the United States is said to have taken a vigorous step towards the dissolution of the unfriendly majority in Congress. According to a report which may perhaps not be literally true, he has informed the heads of the public departments that they are not, until further orders, to make any appointment on the recommendation of a member. That some such notification has been issued seems probable from the account which Mr. WILSON, a Representative from Iowa, has published of an interview with the PRESIDENT. Having taken an active part in the rejection of the claim of Southern members to their seats, Mr. WILSON visited the PRESIDENT, not for the purpose of attempting to change his opinions, but in the hope of obtaining an assurance that Congress would be allowed to pursue its own policy, without interference on the part of the Executive. In the ordinary course of legislation, the PRESIDENT is necessarily a party to every important measure, with the rare exception of Bills which are passed for a second time, by a certain majority, in disregard of his veto. As the exercise of the veto is not unusual, there would be no possibility of disfranchising the South without the PRESIDENT's concurrence, by the passage of unconstitutional Bills. The extreme Republicans have, therefore, determined to effect their object by the introduction of successive amendments to the Constitution. Votes of Congress which are afterwards submitted to the people or to the State Legislatures are valid without the assent of the PRESIDENT; and Mr. WILSON proposed that the two branches of the Government should agree to differ, and that the PRESIDENT should passively acquiesce in a series of measures for which he would not be technically responsible. The overture was entirely unsuccessful, for Mr. JOHNSON belongs to the class of men

who regard the political objects which they think desirable rather than the comments which may be uttered on their own conduct. As the Republicans, if they were unanimous, could control the decisions of Congress, the necessity or utility of an appeal to the PRESIDENT to abstain from action is not immediately obvious. Mr. WILSON, however, probably understands the practice of public business, and he is aware that Senators and Representatives are open to the influence of the Executive Government. His remonstrance was directed against the use of patronage to change the opinions of the Republican majority. As Mr. JOHNSON refused to offer the pledge which was demanded, his supposed circular to the different public offices may perhaps have been an answer to Mr. WILSON.

To foreign observers, the plan of proceeding by successive amendments of the Constitution seems both inconsistent and impracticable. The infallible formula which is supposed to serve every American citizen as a political symbol and summary of belief will be desecrated by the repeated touch of sacrilegious reformers. The document was, in fact, framed with great ability, after full consideration, and the few subsequent alterations have referred to questions of primary importance. The amendment by which slavery has recently been abolished throughout the Union was indispensable for the purpose of relieving the Government from the duty of protecting slave property even in those Territories where the institution itself had been rejected by the votes of the inhabitants. Neither Mr. LINCOLN's Proclamation, nor the Acts of Congress which were passed for the same object, possessed the smallest constitutional validity. The conquered States, indeed, had been compelled to abolish slavery as the condition of their return to the Union; but prudent legislators would not willingly rely on irregular compromises, effected by force at the end of a civil war. The vote, therefore, of two-thirds of the Senate and the House, confirmed by three-fourths of the States, was a proper exercise of the guarded power which had been reserved by the authors of the Constitution. It would be extremely difficult to secure for amendments less urgently necessary a similar approach to unanimity, and the success of the scheme is made absolutely impossible by the implied purpose of excluding the Southern States from a share in the decision. The abolition of slavery has been embodied in the Constitution by the adhesion of several of the former Slave States to the PRESIDENT's policy; and the extreme Radical party, represented by Mr. STEVENS, has vainly protested against the admission of conquered communities to a share in organic legislation. The adoption of an amendment by an imperfect Congress, and by a majority of the Northern States only, would be a flagrant act of usurpation, and the Supreme Court would probably refuse to recognise the validity of the measure. It is also evident that the framers of the Constitution can never have foreseen that the power of amendment would be used for the purpose of evading the forms of ordinary legislation. The blunder is so obvious that Mr. WILSON's disclosure of the intentions of his party will probably be disavowed; but if the extreme Republicans are debarred from the extravagant course of action which they have contemplated, it will not be easy to devise a practicable alternative. The passive resistance of Congress to the admission of Southern members will not interfere with the internal independence of the excluded States, while it will deprive the Acts of Congress of constitutional authority and of popular respect. For any more definite proceeding the assent of the PRESIDENT will be necessary.

The only amendment which is likely to be promoted by the mass of the Republican party relates to the constitutional prohibition of export duties. The New England Protectionists hope to acquire an additional security against foreign competition by adding to the existing duties on imported cotton goods a tax upon the raw material. It is even thought possible that the Southern States, though they are doubly interested in perfect freedom of trade, may be induced to concur in the imposition of an export duty on cotton, in consideration of the relief from taxation which might be afforded by the discovery of a new source of revenue. The natural advantages of the shores of the Gulf of Mexico are so great that, even with the artificial weight of an export duty, American cotton might perhaps compete in the markets of the world with the products of less favoured regions. The real objection to the plan is the injustice which the existing clause in the Constitution was expressly designed to prevent. Consumers already suffer a grievance which they ought to think intolerable in the premium which they pay to the manufacturers of New England for leave to buy European goods. If foreign fabrics are made still dearer by American legislation, the hardship will be proportionally aggravated; but political economy is so rarely studied in the States, that the plan of an export duty is exposed

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to risk of failure rather through the prevailing reverence for the Constitution than on account of its inherent unsoundness. The opponents of the amendment may perhaps urge upon Congress the impolicy of hampering cultivation with artificial burdens; while the future organization of Southern labour is still a subject of conjecture rather than of experiment. The Southern planters are not unwilling to assume that it would be as cheap to hire workmen as to employ gangs of slaves; but in many districts they complain that it is impossible to procure labour as long as the negroes believe that the Government is about to provide for their subsistence by a distribution of lands. The officers of the department which protects the interests of the freedmen have, according to General GRANT's report, in many instances encouraged the popular delusion. It is not impossible that, after a time, the difficulty may be overcome by enterprising and liberal landowners. In the meantime, even zealous Protectionists might see reasons to disapprove of a tax on the growth of cotton.

The social condition of the South is almost unknown. Correspondents of English papers can only report the discontent and resentment which are readily confided in Southern cities to sympathizing strangers. It is probably impracticable to visit the cotton plantations for the purpose of observing on the spot the relations between the planters and the freedmen. American newspapers are still less instructive, as the writers and their informants are always busily engaged in furnishing arguments to some political party. The alarmists who represent the conflict between the two races as irreconcilable have lately collected proofs of the fulfilment of their own prophecy that the negroes would revolt on Christmas-day. It appears that in Richmond, in Wilmington, and in some other towns, there were riots of more or less importance; but the consumption of spirituous liquors on the festival may probably account for almost all the acts of violence. It is remarkable that the insurrection which was to have occurred in Jamaica was fixed for the same day by its destined victims. The supporters of the Federal Government ridicule stories of revolt as trivial or fictitious; and probably the extreme philanthropists are ready to prove that violence was committed solely by the whites. It would be marvellous if the sudden and compulsory abolition of slavery had resulted in a sound condition of society. The Southern Americans, however, if they are honestly disposed to try the experiment of free labour, have many advantages over the West Indian proprietors. They are more numerous than their former slaves, and they will consequently not be liable to the panics which naturally arise among the few white residents of Jamaica. As soon as the provisional system of government has been terminated, the white citizens will have the entire control of legislation, and they will administer their own laws. The errors and the partial success of their predecessors will supply them with valuable lessons. Nearly all the English tropical colonies are thriving, either by the aid of natural facilities or by means of imported labour. Universal negro suffrage, even if it were made a part of the Constitution, or if it were imposed on the Southern States by force, would be practically inoperative; for eight millions of men of English descent will never be, directly or indirectly, governed by four millions of Africans. The supremacy of moral and physical strength may possibly violate the rights of man, but it is deeply rooted in the law of nature.

#### THE PRUSSIAN ROYAL SPEECH.

THE King of PRUSSIA has opened his Chambers with a speech delivered by proxy. HIS MAJESTY was represented on the occasion by his Premier, Count BISMARCK; and as no Royal robes were even laid out upon a chair, the Prussian Deputies must be content to set about their legislative labours without those little marks of Royal favour and encouragement which are so valuable when the Crown and the people are at one. M. BISMARCK's address is decidedly a humorous composition. The fun of telling an obstinate Prussian Chamber, which has refused all supplies, how prosperously, under the Divine blessing, the Government has got on without, is obviously considerable; and when Count BISMARCK hopes that, with the assistance of PROVIDENCE, the next year will pass as pleasantly and as successfully as the last, President GRABOW and the Chamber must have felt a horrid suspicion that his Excellency was being facetious at the expense of constitutional principles. The vivacious and impertinent Count knows how to calculate his own strength and resources, which are not small, and how to calculate the limits of Prussian patience, which is infinite.

M. BISMARCK begins by informing his audience officially of

the fact that, in consequence of the controversy between the Chambers and the Throne, the Ninety-ninth Article of the Constitution has once more been disregarded, and the administration of the State been carried on in despite of its provisions. The avowal is candid, and in any but a Prussian Assembly would be resented as an outrage; but, as the Koran says, God gives endurance to the camel, and equanimity to those to whom He wills. From the Budget for the next twelve months that is to be laid upon the table, the Deputies are invited, however, to observe that the finances of the country "occupy a favourable position." In most branches of the administration the revenues are on the increase, and the surplus will be spent in raising the salaries of the lower class of Government officials, and in diminishing the expenses of litigation. The economical condition of Prussia is, upon the whole, satisfactory in the opinion of the Cabinet. The harvest was not so good as might have been wished, but the free action of trade and increased means of communication have helped the less fortunate districts to tide over the emergency. Commerce is brisk, the mines are busy, and the Prussian railways are full of employment. Commercial treaties have been, during the past year, both made and renewed; and the nation has concluded a Navigation Treaty with Great Britain, as becomes a Power which aspires to be maritime. This is a bright and sunny picture; and if the Prussian Deputies would only come out from their sulky corner into the sunshine and enjoy it, the King of PRUSSIA asks for nothing better than to be at the head of a happy and smiling Fatherland.

Nor is the picture very much overdrawn. President GRABOW in his subsequent address takes a different view, and maintains that the Prussian prospect has been growing every year blacker and darker. As a Reformer and a Liberal, M. GRABOW is right in looking solemnly on the sins of the King and the Cabinet; but, constitutional politics apart, M. BISMARCK's cheeriness is not unintelligible. Prussia has prospered and is prospering, and herein lies the secret of the success of her Cabinet, both in domestic politics and in foreign diplomacy. Her great German rival is Austria; and Prussia is able by clever tactics to force Austria deeper and deeper every day into the mire of financial embarrassment. City people are well acquainted with the difficulty of raising money at the present moment for any Austrian scheme, however productive the investment ought naturally to be. The truth is, that Prussia is fighting with Austria a battle of finance, and has succeeded just now in closing to Austrian enterprise a large proportion of the money-markets of Europe. The general conviction in the North of Germany is that the Prussian is the winning game; and there is a necessary reluctance to engage in any investments on which Prussia frowns, and which she can at any moment injure by a bold political stroke or manifesto. If Prussia's antagonism to Austria is so serious that Austrian shares are made unsaleable at Berlin, Hamburg, or Frankfurt, they soon become unsaleable elsewhere; and the consequence is, that the internal resources of the Empire cannot be developed, except on ruinous terms. Meanwhile the money that is kept out of Austria flows into Prussian channels, and Austria not only grows lean, but has the additional annoyance of seeing her rival fattening under her very eyes. The prosperity of Prussia is, accordingly, one of M. BISMARCK's strong points, and he is justified in referring to it with complacency. The popular feeling that he is on the eve of winning the great German race gives him credit and prestige with the rest of Germany, and among his own fellow-countrymen. The Prussian Opposition, who are wedded to their own political opinions, persist, it is true, in their patriotic endeavours to thwart his plans, and to drive him back to the forms of Constitutional Government. But he is always breaking their spirit, and turning the attention of the Prussian nation away from such frivolous considerations, by bringing out some new and grand stroke of national policy. First, it is the hegemony of all Germany in war. Then it is the occupation of the Duchies, or the creation of a Prussian navy and a Prussian seaboard, or a Baltic canal, or the absorption of all German money into Prussian schemes; or, finally, the demolition of Austrian influence in Germany. All these things tell on internal questions at Berlin. The Prussians feel a sort of *mauvaise honte* about keeping up a wearisome technical conflict over Article 99 of the Constitution against a Cabinet that, with all its faults, is making splendid running in the rest of Germany and Europe. M. BISMARCK is a very dangerous man, and excessively overbearing to the unoffending Deputies of the Chamber who come in his way; and it is certainly to be hoped, for the sake of good manners and constitutional principles, that something terrible will sooner or later happen to

him. But he is in the middle of a very triumphant career, and if he were not too insolent to stoop to conciliate the Berlin Chamber, his career might, during the coming year, be unclouded by domestic opposition.

In the Royal address pronounced this week M. BISMARCK abates nothing of his old tone. He does not propose to renew during the ensuing Session negotiations which in former Sessions have proved abortive. The present organization of the army will be left unchanged, and, "as in the preceding year," His MAJESTY's Government still "adheres to the intention" of promoting by extraordinary means the rapid and powerful development of the Prussian navy. In the possession of Schleswig and the position acquired in Holstein, Prussia retains a guarantee that the question of the Duchies will be settled in a manner corresponding to the interests of Germany and her own claims. And upon this head M. BISMARCK treats Europe and Austria to a touch of that cool independence which he has found so efficacious in dealing with Prussian Deputies. "Resting upon his own conviction, strengthened by the opinion of the legal advisers of the Crown, His MAJESTY is determined to hold fast this pledge, under all circumstances, till the attainment of the desired end, and knows himself supported in this resolution by the consent of his people." His Prussian Majesty, with that pious belief in his divine mission which appears to the rest of the world so sublimely fatuous, very properly places one degree higher than the judgment of his Crown lawyers his own illumined instincts and opinions. The European controversy as to the Duchies and their destiny is therefore closed, as far as Prussia is concerned, with the significant announcement of "Le Roi le veut." Prussian kings and a Prussian aristocracy are capable of looking forward with boorish pleasure to a time when the will of the Berlin Cabinet will be the public law of Germany; and if Prussia had no more powerful neighbour to be consulted than Austria, the Duchies would soon become Prussian soil. But M. BISMARCK is perfectly aware that, in a matter of such general interest, both Russia and France may insist upon being consulted, and that His Prussian Majesty's convictions will be treated at Paris and at St. Petersburg with some indifference. The rumour that the Czar had declared his unwillingness to allow the Duchies to be annexed by Prussia has never been thoroughly examined or substantiated. There is no Foreign Office in Europe of whose policy or wishes so little really is known as the Russian, and about whose proceedings, either in the East or West, there are such a variety of *canards*. But about France and French policy more is known, in spite of the mystery in which the Tuileries veil their operations. It is believed, with some reason, that France and Austria are drawing closer to one another, and the French Government has recently assisted Austria to get money against the wish of Prussia. It may not be congenial to French interests that Austria should be altogether swamped by a great German Power on the North, and the balance of power in Germany may naturally appear to NAPOLEON III. a thing worth playing for. It is proper to remember that French political writers who are the most thoroughly Imperial in their tone have for years been accustomed to surprise us by mapping out a future in which France, Italy, Spain, and Austria are to form a Liberal and Catholic alliance. The Latin race, reconciled to religion, would thus be destined to hold the unorthodox North of Europe in check. To this consummation M. MICHEL CHEVALIER and similar authors are fond of pointing, and the French EMPEROR, beyond all question, has dreamt of it himself.

#### PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

THE insignificance of meetings to agitate for Reform is perhaps not an absolutely convincing proof of popular indifference. There is some difficulty in creating or sustaining an excitement in favour of an unknown proposal; and zealous orators might embarrass the Government by insisting on changes which are not to be included in the forthcoming measure. Mr. BRIGHT himself, although he has apparently the advantage of access to official secrets, has exposed the Ministers to the dangerous charge of yielding to external dictation. If his recommendations are adopted, they will be attributed to Mr. BRIGHT himself, and he will be pledged to disapprove of any Bill which falls short of his demands. At a meeting at Bristol, Sir MORTON PETO echoed the opinion that it would be prudent to confine the provisions of the Bill to a simple reduction of the franchise; yet he could not abstain from the expression of his regret that, as member for a considerable town, he only possessed an equal vote with the representative of some insignificant borough. If the country is

hereafter parcelled out into equal electoral districts, education and intelligence will be more effectually disfranchised than by the institution of household suffrage. If Sir MORTON PETO really wishes to aid the Government, he would perhaps act more discreetly if he assumed that the impending settlement of the question is to be final; for a factitious unanimity may not improbably be disturbed by menaces which may provoke the expression of sincere opinions. The majority of the House of Commons will no doubt be prepared to pass a reasonable Reform Bill and to have done with it, but few members desire to begin a series of revolutionary agitations. The new constituency will have the opportunity of using its powers for the extension of democratic influence; but the outgoing electoral body ought to be conciliated by the prospect of retaining its due share in the choice of future representatives. The small boroughs will resist the threat of total annihilation by a future Reform Bill, although they might perhaps submit to an immediate and moderate curtailment of their privileges. Mr. BRIGHT admitted that their members could scarcely be expected to vote for the disfranchisement of their constituencies; but he might have added that a policy which attains the same object by two steps, instead of one, will not be more acceptable to the destined victims.

The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,  
Had he thy reason, would he sport and play?

In the case of the small boroughs, the lamb has a veto on the butcher's knife. The best chance for a Reform Bill would be that it should be discussed as little as possible, and that it should be accepted by the Ministerial party because it is proposed as a Ministerial measure. Mr. M'LAREN, in an elaborate speech at Edinburgh, tried to quiet the alarms of constituencies which may think it as bad to be swamped as to be disfranchised. He reminded them that some of the 6*l*. voters would not be permanent residents, that some would be disqualified by accident, and that many would not take the trouble to vote. His general conclusion was, that the anticipated measure would add sixty per cent. to the borough constituencies. If it is assumed that twenty-five per cent. of the existing voters are nearly of the same class with their future colleagues, the poorer voters will command an absolute majority. Mr. M'LAREN's argument shows that he understands the objection which his statistics tend but imperfectly to remove.

The Opposition has probably derived encouragement from the unseasonable candour of some extreme Reformers. A meeting of a Reform League at Lambeth, a few days ago, proved both that the working-classes are little interested in the question and that their leaders will be satisfied with no concession short of absolute supremacy. Mr. HUGHES, who presided, endeavoured in vain to persuade his supporters that Mr. HARE's arithmetical puzzles would suit their purpose better than universal suffrage. Elaborate schemes for the protection of minorities, and for the selection of competent representatives, are highly unpalatable to intolerant multitudes, who wish to exercise unqualified domination through the agency of obedient delegates. Mr. HUGHES himself has never shrunk from asserting his personal convictions when he has differed from his constituents; but his special function of representing the working-classes would be still more satisfactorily discharged if he could assure the House of Commons that his own fairness and moderation were generally diffused in the metropolitan boroughs. One of the recent meetings has derived a certain importance from the audience which some of the speakers afterwards obtained from Lord RUSSELL's courtesy. The leaders of the political working-class were complimented with the first official assurance that the Government was prepared to stand or fall by the Bill. As the Minister was at the same time obliged to admit that he differed from almost every opinion expressed by the deputation, it might have been supposed that his communication would have been addressed to supporters of the Ministerial measure. The statement would have been more interesting if it had not been perfectly evident that the defeat of the Bill would leave the Ministers no option but to resign or to dissolve Parliament. It may be doubted, however, whether any public meeting has, within the last year, expressed the smallest desire for the only Reform Bill which is likely to pass the House of Commons. It is true that meetings are not well adapted to secure the expression of genuine opinion. Although they are called public, they are almost always unanimous, as they tolerate no unpopular doctrine. The preliminary notice or requisition generally announces that the question of the day is to be considered and discussed; but the resolutions which are to be passed are necessarily drawn up beforehand, and the discussion consists only in the various degrees of



positiveness with which rival speakers affirm the articles of the common creed. Mr. BRIGHT appeals to a Birmingham meeting with the same well-founded confidence with which the POPE submits a new tenet of faith to the Sacred College, or to a general assembly of prelates summoned from all parts of the Catholic world.

The probable opponents of the Government Bill display unusual sagacity in waiting for the production of the measure before they object to its provisions. It will not be difficult to devise special objections to any plan which may be proposed; and the commonplace arguments against constitutional change will always be equally applicable. Mr. DISRAELI is well aware that resistance will be hopeless, unless the majority is divided. In 1860 the extreme repugnance of the Liberal party to a large extension of the suffrage defeated the Government Bill, after the Opposition had assented to the second reading. It is not likely that the same process will be repeated in the approaching Session; but, in a Parliament which includes members entirely opposite to one another in opinion, a divergence of practical policy may not impossibly occur. The numerous Whigs who heartily agree with Mr. LOWE may consent, for the sake of discipline, to follow Mr. GLADSTONE, if they are not alarmed by the ostentatious alliance of Mr. BRIGHT. On the other hand, a Conservative indiscretion such as that which Lord DERBY committed when he adopted the phrase of muzzling the Roman Catholics would perhaps cement the different sections of the majority into a homogeneous whole. The House of Commons of the day received Lord JOHN RUSSELL's first Reform Bill with a burst of laughter, but within a few weeks the country demanded with irresistible force the passage of the measure in its integrity. A direct denial of the claim of the best portion of the working classes to the suffrage would perhaps be the commencement of serious popular agitation. The Reformers have only one argument to urge against many plausible reasons by which the maintenance of the existing Constitution may be defended. The total exclusion from political power of any class which interests itself in political questions is anomalous, if not unjust, and it involves contingent or possible danger. It would perhaps have been desirable to postpone the matter, if circumstances had not forced the Government to attempt the solution of the problem; but no statesman can have doubted that the controversy would continue until it was settled by some concession to the claimants of the franchise. The schemes for complicated adjustments which have been proposed by honest and ingenious projectors labour under the insuperable defect of not meeting the actual difficulty. It is necessary to make constitutional arrangements intelligible as well as effective, and the mass of the community will never comprehend the use of breakwaters artificially constructed to intercept the current of democratic power. The old historical limitations are taken for granted, both because they are familiarly known and because they are accidental; and many Reformers willingly allow that a decaying town not unnaturally retains the share in the representation which was due to its former prosperity. Although they may demand a readjustment of the electoral system, they feel little of the irritation which would be provoked by fresh contrivances for fettering the action of future democratic constituencies.

The success of the measure will largely depend on the temper, the firmness, and the adroitness of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is especially desirable that he should satisfy the House and the country that the Government intends, to the best of its power, to preclude the need of further changes during the present generation. Whatever may be thought of the advantage of preserving the smaller boroughs, it will be easier to defend them on principle than to recommend the alteration of the franchise on the ground that it will facilitate changes in electoral districts which are not considered practicable at present. It may perhaps be fortunate that Mr. GLADSTONE some years ago urged the expediency of retaining a certain number of small constituencies. Although he may fairly have changed his opinion on this point, he will be more fully trusted by the House of Commons if he repeats his former arguments than if he is supposed to share the ulterior designs of Mr. BRIGHT. His most dangerous tendency in debate is to utter general propositions which are not necessary for the establishment of his practical conclusions. It is useless and undesirable to challenge opposition by the employment of abstractions and generalities. A Bill which might command the approval of Parliament as a solution of an immediate difficulty would almost certainly fail if it were offered as an instalment of universal suffrage, and as a partial recognition of the rights of man. There will be sufficient interest in the conduct of the

inevitable struggle, without the creation of superfluous obstacles. The House of Commons will not pass a Reform Bill on the ground that the English Constitution is thoroughly faulty, or that the system of taxation ought to be remodelled. If Mr. GLADSTONE will only cultivate reticence on all suitable occasions, there is no reason to fear that he will be wanting in eloquence.

#### SPAIN.

THE tragic side of the Spanish insurrection is gradually fading away, and the comic side is coming into bolder relief. The insurrection might easily have been a success, for the sympathy of the large towns with PRIM and his followers was indisputable, and a very considerable proportion of the army was only waiting to see whether a desertion of its colours was likely to be as safe as it would have been delightful. The large towns have been kept quiet, and the wavering troops have been overawed, and therefore, in all probability, there will be no bloodshed—a result at which the friends of humanity may rejoice, as it is not worth while that the lives even of Spaniards should be sacrificed that one Spanish General should rule in place of another. We may watch, therefore, the fortunes of PRIM without that uneasiness which a totally useless waste of life is calculated to create. It is, in fact, a very easy and comfortable sort of insurrection. PRIM prepared for it, we learn, by squandering the fortune of his wife in the erection of shooting-boxes, and the insurgents have been principally engaged in moving quietly from one of these shooting-boxes to another. PRIM has, in fact, behaved very much as a great English game-preserved might behave who asked a large party of friends, with their servants, to move from one preserve to another, and enhanced the pleasures he had to offer by pretending that his guests would have the excitement of being themselves shot at by poachers. The Spanish poachers have taken excellent care not to interfere with the sportsmen, and have contented themselves with telegraphing to their friends that they were just going to shoot the intruders. Now that the company has had enough of the sport, it breaks up, and goes quietly about its business. Not to catch PRIM seems to have been the only duty which the generals in command have been instructed, and have felt themselves competent, to execute; and one of these valiant commanders has actually been recalled by his employers because he had the bad taste to speak with severity of PRIM in a proclamation that he was foolish enough to issue. He did not understand that to hold his tongue, and bustle about without doing anything, was all that he was called upon to do. PRIM has been as polite as his adversaries, and has taken care not to hint that his rising had any intelligible object. He was, and remains, the special favourite of Queen CHRISTINA, he is a staunch friend of ISABELLA II., and on the best of terms with all the leaders who are not shooting with him, but have stayed behind at Madrid. NARVAEZ only recently recalled him from the exile into which he had been hurried on the failure of his last attempt to have the short-lived fun of a sporting revolution. And, still more recently, O'DONNELL, in the most handsome manner, finding that PRIM was short in his accounts, and owed the nation a debt for monies received during the famous Mexican expedition, cancelled the debt altogether, like the unjust steward in the parable, and made himself friends with PRIM's revolutionary unrighteousness. PRIM does not wish to hurt him, nor he to hurt PRIM; and the QUEEN, with a fine sense of what is due to a noble, enterprising, sporting gentleman, has declined to sign a decree which was drawn up through a mistaken feeling of decorum, and purported to take away all PRIM's titles, honours, and dignities. The QUEEN naturally felt that she had better things to do than to sign a decree degrading PRIM one day, and another decree restoring him, which she knew would be presented to her on the morrow.

For the QUEEN has her own business to attend to, and it is business of far more importance to her than any nominal interference with the pleasures and pursuits of a sporting General. She has had better things to think of. She has just presented the Virgin with a splendid gown of moire-antique, rose-coloured, trimmed with magnificent blonde and tufts of green feathers and marabouts. Now it cannot be an easy thing to know how so very distinguished a person would like to dress, and it must have cost much careful thought to decide that the Virgin's taste in all human probability inclined to rose-coloured silk with tufts of green feathers. And the whole Spanish nation is much interested in the correctness or the choice, for if the Virgin is satisfied, it may be hoped that the QUEEN will get safely through her coming perils, and that the great catastrophe will be averted which would raise at once the alarming

question of the continuance of her dynasty. She has, however, other duties, and must settle what is to be done with the baby when it is happily and safely born. This has been most satisfactorily arranged, even in the very midst of the disquiet which PRIM's retirement to his different shooting-boxes must have awakened. The KING—good obedient man—is to take the Royal infant, and after having studied, we presume, its tiny features with some natural curiosity, he is to present the little stranger to the diplomatic corps, and to invest it with the order of the Golden Fleece if it is a boy, and with the Band of the Noble Ladies of the Queen MARIA LUISA if it is a girl. This is what the QUEEN and her Court have been thinking of, and have planned, while Europe has been supposing that a disloyal General was seducing her troops and threatening her capital. Not but that there was some little disturbance in the capital itself. There was a tumult, and shops were shut, and men ran to hotels and cafés blanched with terror, for it was rumoured that the mob was rising, and it was ascertained that a band of young heroes, the eldest of whom was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, had pronounced for PRIM. There are said to be at least ten thousand soldiers in Madrid, and so this great demonstration of democratic babies came to nothing; but still it was frightful while it lasted. Things looked still more serious when two sergeants, who had placed themselves at the disposal of the insurgents, were arrested under circumstances admitting of no doubt that they had been guilty of treason. It was a very embarrassing crisis for the Government, as it seemed as if some severity ought to be shown towards military offenders caught in open rebellion; but the Government was equal to the occasion, and, by quietly letting the prisoners escape, relieved itself from all difficulty.

The Spaniards are always ready to discuss politics, and—so far as mere ingenuity goes, with a fine flow of unmeaning words, and a disposition to find out the secret of everything, make politicians—are some of the fiercest and keenest politicians under the sun. Very naturally they have set their wits to work to discover the true causes and meaning of this insurrection; and the theories to which they most fondly cling throw some light on the condition of their country. The theory that PRIM is a traitor to his QUEEN and an enemy to his country, who ought to be shot for wantonly disturbing the peace of Spain, is rejected with the contempt it deserves. This cannot be the solution of a movement which consists in a sportsman roaming about his favourite hunting-fields, while no less than five bodies of troops are ordered to wander about so as not to catch him, and a General is recalled for speaking of him uncivilly. The theory that is to win its way into Spanish breasts must be a little more subtle and refined, and the three theories that have found most acceptance have certainly the merit of suggesting an explanation that takes us by surprise. According to one theory, PRIM has taken the trouble to get up a revolution in winter, which every one who knows the Spanish climate will allow to be a very trying and disagreeable thing to do, in order to oblige O'DONNELL himself. It suited the Prime Minister, these politicians imagine, to have a revolution at the present moment, as a counterpoise to the influence of the Camarilla, which is triumphant for the time in consequence of the QUEEN's delicate situation, and has even succeeded in persuading HER MAJESTY to wear the dirty linen of the Sor PATROCINIO. In order to recall the QUEEN to the duties of her earthly position from the state of spiritual absorption in which such instruments of glory and her devout cares for the rose-coloured dress and the green feathers were only too sure to plunge her, O'DONNELL thought a good big military insurrection, making the QUEEN tremble for her throne and her dynasty, was the best expedient. His friend PRIM, being a good-natured man, and having just received from him a gift at the expense of the nation, and having a sportsman's contempt for fatigue and cold, was ready to do him a turn, and consented to go up and down a mountainous district near Toledo till it should be time to retire gracefully into Portugal. Of the other theorists, the one set think that the insurrection has been planned by the QUEEN's mother, while the others, who are determined that no one shall beat them in boldness of guessing, prefer to imagine that the whole revolution is the work of no less a person than the QUEEN herself. The more foreigners know and hear of Spain the more they are inclined to be very meek in speaking of it, and to own that Spain is incomprehensible. What are we to think of a country where it is gravely suggested that Generals revolt against their Sovereign in obedience to her wishes,

and as a personal favour to her? Some day, probably, the secret will be revealed, and we shall be informed why General PRIM has taken so much trouble, whether on his own account or on that of some other person. But, whatever may be the key to the mystery, we may be sure that the solution will not be half so interesting or so surprising as the history of the treatment he has received from the Government, or the fact that the things that have been surmised about him should have been thought possible in Spain.

#### WORKHOUSE MANAGEMENT.

STRONG in their devotion to science, medical men are occasionally known to inoculate themselves with virulent poisons; and, a few years ago, it may be remembered that an enthusiastic student of the uglier varieties of social life went before the mast on a collier voyage, to get some accurate knowledge of the actual facts of nautical existence. But these feats of generous self-sacrifice are nothing to the daring and the noble thirst after realities which prompted a contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* to face the unknown horrors of a night with the Casuals. He deserves the highest credit for his philanthropic spirit. It is only in this way that the inner and real management of workhouses and hospitals and barracks can be found out. An official inspection of a workhouse is much like the half-year's examination of a Clapham Common academy. To enlarge upon the severity of the revolting personal trials to which, in the interests of the public, and from a high sense of duty, the visitor to the Lambeth Casual Wards willingly subjected himself, would be superfluous. It is easy enough for some of us sitting at home at ease to indite essays, fluent or otherwise, on workhouse management; but it requires a spirit not given to every amateur philanthropist to don the vilest pauper's rags, to plunge into that greasy bath steaming with the filth of a score of diseased and loathsome vagrants, and to face that horrid bag of straw plastered with blood, which he so graphically describes. Thanks to this practical philosopher, who has thus applied the Baconian method of experiment to one of our social evils, we are in a position to pronounce emphatically that workhouse management, as it is, is always open to enormous and scandalous abuses. Here is a fact, simple and large enough, and incapable of disproof. But when we are asked to go further, and when the contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette* proceeds to tell us that we may all draw the moral from his interesting though ghastly narrative, we own to some difficulties.

The superficial moral is of course obvious enough, and easily arrived at. It is that a certain provision of the Poor-law is openly and scandalously set at naught. Wisely or unwisely, the Houseless Poor Act requires the Guardians of every London workhouse to provide a bed, with certain rations at night and morning, for every "casual" demanding them, merely exacting in return a certain slight amount of labour in the morning. It is obvious that this demand must be of a very uncertain and fluctuating character; and in common fairness it must be admitted that the workhouse authorities—who may be called upon one night to house tea applicants, and the very next night one hundred and thirteen, dropping in at all the small hours—have no easy task before them. Not that, to do them simple justice, they are disposed to make it easy. They have an irksome burden laid on them in the shape of a law which—they make no secret of it—they would be glad to defeat if they could; and they certainly do not administer it cheerfully or willingly. It is only under the direct compulsion that the Guardians stretch their casual accommodation to meet an unaccustomed demand; and of the provision enabling them to issue tickets for a lodging-house, on the contingency of an unexpected flood of guests, they do not seem to avail themselves at all. Perhaps they cannot. This provision sounds well; but, taking another class of life by way of illustration, most of us, whatever our warmth of hospitality may be, might find it somewhat difficult to "bed out" two or three friends dropping in unexpectedly at eleven o'clock P.M. The result is what the *Pall Mall Gazette* describes. The casual accommodation provided at Lambeth being of the scantiest—that is to say, the certified wards containing in all just thirty-one beds, though these are reported to be unexceptionable as regards cleanliness, decency, and order—a sudden rush of night-birds, an obscene and hideous rout some fifty or sixty strong, suddenly demands shelter for the night. This most unlucky night the student of life selects for his experiment. Disguised as a casual, he is billeted among the casuals. The certified wards being full, the late comers are packed away in a shed, and littered down like swine in a sty; filthy



and hideous ruffians they are, naked and half-naked, herded and huddled together—a seething mass of abominations in word and deed, too filthy for tongue to tell or even for thought to conceive. The student of modern manners gets and records a new and awful lesson for us all. God be praised! few of us know—and yet it might be well perhaps if more of us did know—what festering and filthy experiences of life are being realized perhaps two streets off from our dining-rooms and studies. We did not know that the manners of Norfolk Island may be, or rather certainly are, the manners of the tramps and casuals of London; and we did not know that, in a sense, we are subsidizing these unspeakable abominations at the public cost. Well, we now know this; and we know, moreover, that this our Houseless Poor Act may be so administered, or misadministered, as to allow our great public charitable institutions to be made houses of resort to which the *tapis franc* and the brothel are purity itself.

This, however, is but a surface lesson. This particular night's work was just an unfortunate accident of the system, which had the singular ill-luck to be found out. And it can be easily remedied—in a certain sense, that is. The Poor-law Board can come down upon the Guardians of every London workhouse, and compel them to find or create accommodation in ample excess of all the capricious demands of all possible thieves and casuals. It is quite possible for every workhouse to be fitted up with a couple of hundred barrack beds, each in its separate "cubicle," all ranged in ample wards, well-washed and gas-lighted, with a complete array of night-shirts for all applicants, and skilful and bread served out in an orderly fashion at the cost of the parishioners. A few warders, armed with summary power and a good whip to suppress indecency and uproar, are easily provided. There is no difficulty whatever in making the casual wards quite as clean and orderly and comfortable as a prison. Indeed this is the ideal aimed at. Sir GEORGE GREY, and Sir RICHARD MAYNE, and other high officials, visited the Poplar Casual Wards at night, some ten days ago, and found them in the highest state of efficiency. They are very superior to the common lodging-houses, and far beyond the old Refuges for the Destitute. And—which seems to be the point of favourable comparison—those Casual Wards at Poplar are in the hands of the police, and not managed by the Guardians, though they are on the Guardians' premises. The police "issue orders for admittance" to the Poplar Casual Wards; which means, of course, that they exercise the discretion of refusing admittance to known vagrants and thieves, represented by the ingenious young gentleman who presided over the Swearing Club at Lambeth. So far all is easy enough. It is a mere matter of money to provide excellent accommodation for all possible rogues when they take a fancy to change their lodgings; and it is a mere matter of money to provide warders and to maintain discipline in the night barracks. But some other considerations come in here. We must have a uniform system. Lambeth and Poplar won't work together, and this the casuals soon find out. Lambeth is easy and loose, and comfortable in its discomforts; it permits unutterable license and abomination, and is therefore popular. Poplar is austere and sharp and severe in its comfortable arrangements, and is therefore unpopular with the tramps. What, then, so easy as to bring all the Casual Wards under the Poplar type? It has only this trifling difficulty, that to carry out thoroughly this reform of our London workhouses would involve the total destruction of the present Guardian system. Guardians and the police management cannot work together. And of course thoughtful people are coming to the conclusion that the Guardian and Local Workhouse system is a total failure, and must sooner or later be abolished. As it is, the decent poor suffer, and the profligate poor, as in these Lambeth night orgies, are encouraged in vice and profligacy. The Guardians, not very unnaturally, have but one principle of action—namely, to spend as little as possible. The workhouse officials, being appointed by the Guardians, naturally desire to make things pleasant. As soon as a medical officer, or a health officer, or a nuisance inspector, or the master of a workhouse, or a chaplain, or a paid nurse, hints to the Guardians that more liberality is necessary, or that Whitehall must be appealed to, his or her situation becomes untenable. All this is not to be wondered at; indeed, it is unavoidable. And nothing less than a total change of system will remedy the constantly recurring evils of workhouse management in its hospital departments, in its school departments, in its casual wards, and in its out-door relief. Till we have dethroned one of the idols of the British mind, "the great Anglo-Saxon principle of local self-government," and of the unpaid management of local

concerns, we shall never have a proper management of the poor. This is one, and a most important, moral to which the revelations of the *Pall Mall Gazette* writer point.

But there is something further to consider. These revelations of the inner life and actual habits of the dregs of the population of great cities suggest more perplexing reflections. The object of the Houseless Poor Act was to prevent the scandal of any human being, however worthless and wicked, dying of cold and hunger in the streets of London. A noble feeling, of course; against which, however, we must set the evils of our remedy for this sad contingency. As things are, we spend our money in providing house-room such as it is, and food such as it is, for men who can contrive to spend their own money on theatres and tobacco, and who avail themselves of a public dole in the parish Prytaneum only when they are out of work—that work being the habitual practice of robbery. But the question arises, are we bound to discharge the duties of public hospitality to such persons as the engaging "KAY" of the "Rummy Stories" and the "Swearing Club"? As we understand the Poplar management, KAY's card of admittance would have been refused there. The chances are, then, that if the Poplar management had been the rule at all the London Unions, KAY, being in an advanced stage of consumption, would probably, on such a night as that of Thursday week, have died in the streets. Are we ready to face such a deplorable possibility? Some people certainly are; and what we now know about casuals will force a good many persons, if they are driven to the alternative, to say it is better that such wretches should perish than be helped in their depravities at our cost. Such a sad conclusion is undoubtedly to be resisted. Under the old and coarse view of things, which provided "that if 'any would not work neither should he eat,'" we suppose KAY might have starved. But, though there is Scripture for it, we assume that it is out of the question to allow even the blackest villain to starve in public. What then remains? The objection to the Lambeth Casual Wards is their disorder and bad management; the recommendation of the Poplar Wards is their comfort and superiority to anything to be found in common lodging-houses; which seems to come to this, that we ought to make the Casual Wards attractive rather than offensive—attractive, that is, to the deserving poor, but absolutely closed against the criminal paupers. Yet the power of refusing admittance now exercised by the police at Poplar, however desirable in itself, seems to be hardly consistent with the professed object of the Houseless Poor Act. From which it seems to follow that the Act has broken down; that the co-ordinate, or rather conflicting, jurisdictions of the local authorities and of the Poor-law Board cannot go on much longer; and, therefore, that a total change of system must be adopted. And whether a total change of system, at least in London, can stop short of putting an end to all the unpaid local management of the Guardians, of transferring much larger and responsible powers to the police and Government, and of attempting to extirpate the dangerous classes of great cities by a domestic interference with every man who cannot show that he is earning his livelihood, is a consideration which we leave at present. Only we would remind the worshippers of "our Anglo-Saxon institutions" that they must be prepared, sooner or later, for some very rude shocks indeed. A good many people are beginning to think that gold may be bought at too high a price; and that Anglo-Saxonism—apart, of course, from the sonorous nonsense of the phrase—costs us a good deal, not only in money, but in what is of higher value than money.

#### JAMAICA.

THE legislation of Jamaica is as odd as its administrative practice, but it is occasionally corrected by a judicial procedure which, in an abridged version, appeared still more extraordinary. The CHIEF JUSTICE has discharged on *habeas corpus* a Mr. LEVIE, who had been arrested by the GOVERNOR under a Colonial Act of the present Session "for the trial and punishment of offences committed during martial law, and within a limited period thereafter." According to one account, the CHIEF JUSTICE ruled that the Act was unconstitutional, inasmuch as it gave the GOVERNOR power to detain persons at his will. Mr. CARDWELL, who was a lawyer before he was a Minister, would be startled by the discovery that any law can be set aside by an English Court as unconstitutional. While the Supreme Court of the United States is expressly authorized to disallow any Act passed by Congress in excess of its powers, in England a Constitution is a term unknown to the law. Although the grants or statutes which organize Colonial Governments are popularly called Constitutions, they are properly described as Royal Charters and Acts of Parliament.

It may, however, be collected, from another report, that the CHIEF JUSTICE practically repealed an absurd Colonial statute, not by comparing it with an imaginary Constitution, but by the familiar English process of professing to believe that the Legislature could not have meant what it said. As it might be supposed that the GOVERNOR was only authorized to arrest for the purpose of inquiry or trial, a warrant which, in accordance with the intentions of the Legislature, merely purported to commit the prisoner generally, was declared to furnish no sufficient answer to the writ of *habeas corpus*. The Court condemned by implication every measure which has been adopted by the GOVERNOR and his Parliament since the disturbance at Morant Bay. If it was conventionally impossible to attribute to a legislative body the purpose of authorizing indefinite imprisonment by court-martial, the infliction of capital or corporal punishment was probably also an irregular usurpation. According to an opinion given by Mr. EDWARD JAMES and Mr. FITZJAMES STEPHEN on a case drawn up by a philanthropic committee, punishment by martial law, except as a mere incident of civil warfare, is altogether illegal. As Mr. JAMES and Mr. STEPHEN justly remark, the right of the Crown to suppress insurrection is a part of the prerogative recognised by common law. The officers who form the rude tribunal which is known as a drumhead court-martial are merely employed on special service, to put certain offenders to death in the course of military operations; and if they exceed their commission, or if the command which they have obeyed is unlawful, they are liable to the ordinary process of justice. If this theory of the law is correct, the GOVERNOR must have sent the prisoner GORDON to Morant Bay, that he might there be put to death as constructively guilty of an insurrection which could be suppressed by no other means.

The law regards as murder the act of putting any person wilfully to death without legal excuse. There are, however, certain cases in which Parliament would properly grant indemnity for exceptional measures which might have been necessary for the public safety in some extraordinary emergency. It will be for Governor EYRE, and for his civil and military subordinates, to bring themselves within the conditions of legislative amnesty, and perhaps of national gratitude; but, up to the present time, no apology has been offered or promised. During the three months which have elapsed since the attack on the Court House at Morant Bay, there has been abundant opportunity of proving the alleged conspiracy, and of disclaiming or justifying the severities which were afterwards exercised against the negroes. As the indignant feeling which was excited in England must have been at least partially known in Jamaica, the GOVERNOR and his supporters have had the strongest motives for vindicating proceedings which obviously require explanation. Unless the defect is speedily supplied, it will be assumed that the original version of the conduct of the militia, of the volunteers, and of the courts-martial was substantially correct. The published extracts from Mr. CARDWELL's despatch refer only to a part of these transactions, and it must be supposed that Mr. EYRE has corrected, by subsequent statements, the questionable import of his published official Report. As an attack will almost certainly be made in Parliament on the COLONIAL SECRETARY, it will be desirable to remember that his despatch was formally approved at a Cabinet meeting, and that Lord RUSSELL shares to the fullest extent the responsibility of a colleague whom he could not abandon without dishonour. It is difficult to understand why the Government should withhold information which is almost certainly in its possession. The inhabitants of Jamaica undoubtedly believed in the imminent danger of a negro revolt, and Mr. EYRE's previous despatch may account for the approval which was bestowed on his report of the outbreak. If there was a conspiracy to suppress, Parliament and the country will perhaps regard with comparative leniency the excesses of which the GOVERNOR and the officers in command have accused themselves. It is highly probable that GORDON will be proved to have been seditious in language and in general intention; and it is even possible that the court-martial may have convicted him on sufficient evidence, after he had been regularly remitted from civil to military jurisdiction. The Government will, however, have much to explain.

The CHIEF JUSTICE of Jamaica might have been almost excused if he had overruled even more arbitrarily the Acts of a Legislature which appears to be equally incapable of dignity and of prudence. It must be admitted that the Legislature of Jamaica makes a strange use of its powers. In the fright which the Council and Assembly shared with the GOVERNOR at the beginning of the Session, an Act was hurried through both Houses for the abolition of

their own authority and existence, and for the substitution of a single legislative body to be elected by a narrow oligarchy. The extreme folly of the measure, elucidated by an authoritative hint from home, has subsequently induced its authors to present to the moribund Parliament a second Bill for the purpose of repealing the first. English Standing Orders prohibit the repeal of an Act in the same Session in which it has been passed, and common sense would suggest that a self-condemned Legislature has no moral right to abolish the constitution by which its own functions are to be superseded. If the Parliament of 1832 had repealed the Reform Bill on the eve of dissolution, the proceeding would have been technically analogous to the latest display of legislative wisdom in Jamaica. The new measure is, however, less irrational, and it will in all probability be sanctioned by the Imperial Government. As a local journalist sensibly observes, it will be better for the island to be governed by the Ministers of the Crown than by a privileged section of the colonial community. It is not satisfactory that representative institutions should be suspended in any English dependency where they have been established, but self-government implies the existence of a corporate self, or of an approximate unity of interest and feeling. Two reciprocally hostile and alien communities can only form an active political whole on the condition that one section shall govern the other. It seems to have occurred to the tardy minds of Jamaica legislators that the absolute disfranchisement of the coloured race would not be tolerated by the English Government and nation. As the events of Morant Bay recede into the distance, the Executive Council itself is recovering its senses, and PHILIP sober has reversed the decision of PHILIP legislating overnight.

In accepting the surrender of colonial liberty the English Government will not be influenced by ambitious motives. The time is past in which statesmen or governments desired, for their own sake, accessions of power which are attended with more than proportionate responsibility. The Colonial Office will undoubtedly wish to do justice to all classes of the colonists, but inevitable want of local knowledge may be almost as mischievous as the prejudice and selfishness of an indigenous Legislature. A Secretary of State or a chief clerk in Downing Street is liable to fanciful crotchets, which may be readily humoured and abused by obedient subordinates. One faction or another is almost always favoured at home, while the Colonial Opposition resents the ignorance of the Imperial Government almost more bitterly than its partiality. It was for the purpose of repudiating duties which could not be satisfactorily discharged that England for many years endeavoured to establish responsible government throughout the Colonial Empire. A loose system of federation, or rather of common allegiance, is better suited than a centralized administration to distant and dissimilar provinces; and even in the West Indies it was hoped that equality of political rights would be compatible with the social superiority of the white population. On the whole, however, it will probably be expedient that the English Government should exercise dictatorial power for a time. The authority of the Crown will at present excite little jealousy, for the upper classes are thoroughly frightened, and the negroes have had still more immediate cause for terror. A political revolution is indispensable, and the Legislature has twice within a few weeks eagerly proclaimed its own incompetence. Public opinion in the island for once unanimously supports the suicidal judgment of the Council and Assembly. It is true that, at the beginning of the Session, the representatives of the people expressed with perfect fidelity the confused sentiments of their white constituents; but electoral bodies have a right to expect that their chosen rulers should be wiser than themselves. In Jamaica, as in other parts of the world, men resent the perpetuation of their own half-forgotten follies, and the despatch in which Mr. CARDWELL approved of the conduct of the GOVERNOR and the military officers was probably received with a satisfaction not unminged with surprise. In one of his latest Messages to the Council or to the Assembly, Mr. EYRE expresses a benevolent hope that the harmony and confidence which existed before the insurrection may soon be entirely restored. On maturer consideration, he appears to have modified his conviction that the events of Morant Bay were portions of a general conspiracy, which would have been scarcely compatible with confidence and harmony.

Nearly thirty years ago, a Bill for suspending the Constitution of Jamaica met with a different reception both in the colony and at home. The resignation of Lord MELBOURNE in 1839 was followed by the failure of the measure; but Sir ROBERT PEEL found, in a dispute as to certain Court

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appointments, a reason or a pretext for refusing to return to office. The arguments for the suspension of the Constitution are forcibly stated in an article in the *Edinburgh Review* of July 1839, in which the writer, who combined official experience with great literary ability, gave an instructive summary of the long conflict between the slaveowners and the Mother-country. At that time the interference of the Imperial Parliament was bitterly resented by the colonists; but the lapse of a generation has caused many changes. Readiness to depend on external protection is natural, and even judicious, but it proves that the political and social condition of the island is thoroughly unsound.

#### THE TIMES ON AMERICAN TRADE.

A SINGULAR controversy has lately arisen between the *Times* and some of its commercial correspondents, which is not the less important though it may be impossible to arrive at a certain conclusion. The *Times* insists that the trade with the United States is absorbing English capital to an extent which threatens soon to lead to a pressure, and possibly to a genuine crisis, such as has not been witnessed for nearly ten years. The American merchants, on the other hand, show, or attempt to show, that the balance of our exports to their country over the imports during the last few months is extremely small; that the trade, though rapidly augmented, is thoroughly sound; and that there never was less occasion for commercial alarm. After the most careful consideration of the returns which relate to the commerce of the country, it is by no means easy to ascertain the exact truth as to the figures in dispute. It is undoubtedly true, as the *Times* maintains, that there has recently been a great expansion of the export trade to the American ports. On the other hand, it is equally true that the arrivals of cotton have been largely in excess of the import of former years, and that to some considerable extent the remaining balance has been made good by the importation of American securities. Without entering into the fruitless controversy as to the precise amount of the debt which is running up against America, we may assume that it is not very far from being represented by the amount of imported bonds. Though the great impulse to this trade began two or three months ago, there is no flow of bullion either way between the two countries, nor any very distinct trace of an equivalent operation through the channel of any third country. Whatever America may owe us is clearly a debt of which payment is not at present very urgently demanded; and though, in part, this may be due to the fact that credits are unexpired, it is probably attributable in much greater measure to the considerable amount of Federal bonds and other American securities which has been purchased in England since the establishment of peace. This, of course, has only the effect of changing the form, without diminishing the amount, of national indebtedness; but it must not be forgotten that, if a tendency now exists to invest in Transatlantic securities, it may work for some time before it supplies us with as large a total as was always held in England before the civil war. Moreover, the excess of exports over imports is not yet supposed by the most gloomy prophets to exceed seven or eight millions; and it is a fair observation that, while the City prophet of the *Times* sees no cause for alarm in a foreign loan recently announced for about the same amount, he need scarcely be frightened out of his senses by trading operations on a corresponding scale. It is noticeable that foreign loans, which may be rational investments for surplus capital, have a far more serious influence on our Money-market than the application of an equal sum of money to domestic enterprise or foreign trade; and yet it always happens that the *Times*, which watches with so much jealousy—and, we may add, with so much reason—the progress of joint-stock speculation and export trade, has never a word to say against the wildest proposals for putting British capital into the hands of foreign Governments whose solvency is measured by promised rates of interest of the most extravagant kind. It is probably this one-sided view of the transactions of the Exchange that has produced much of the unbelief with which the warnings of the *Times* City articles have been recently received. They are palpably overstrained in attributing the most tremendous possible consequences to the absorption of what cannot be considered a very vast amount of capital; and many traders who know that the American trade is going on very smoothly, and to all appearance very profitably, at present, have jumped to the opposite conclusion, that there is nothing in the present state of commerce to call for any special degree of watchfulness. It may turn out that in this theory they are wandering further on one side of the truth than the *Times* has done on the other, and

certainly excessive confidence is a more dangerous temper than excessive caution.

The fact seems to be that the really important point has been lost sight of, or at any rate kept in the background, by both parties to the discussion. They have wasted their ingenuity and their power of assertion in the endeavour to determine the precise amount of the adverse balance, when the real danger is not at all that a moderate temporary outlay of this kind will prove more than English capital is able to provide for. At the most, if we assume American trade to be thoroughly sound, there is only an investment of a few millions in safe hands, and it will need something more than this to derange the whole course of English commerce. But, in the midst of all the wrangling about a secondary point, the real question of which the importance cannot be exaggerated is wholly overlooked. What the ultimate issue of the present activity of commerce may be depends mainly on the position in which our American debtors may find themselves before the year is over. If no part of the foreign and internal activity of American traders is due to the enormous expansion of their currency; if they have emerged from the war with a solid basis of capital capable of supporting a traffic twice as large as that which existed before the first shot was fired; if the exhaustion of the South and the feverish speculation of the North involve no elements of weakness; if there is no risk that trade may collapse as soon as the attempt shall be made to bring back the currency to par; if, in short, Mr. McCulloch is entirely wrong in warning his countrymen against the existing tendency to inflation; then we may rest assured that nothing will shake the foundations of American commerce, and that the profits on our exports will well repay us for locking up a little of the aggregate national capital for a short time in American ventures. We do not observe, however, that any of the vindicators of American merchants put the case as high as this. All they do say is, that at present remittances come as satisfactorily and rapidly as could be desired; that the profits on all sides have been large; that, in spite of the duties, the American people have found the money to purchase and consume unheard-of quantities of European goods; and that no indication of immediate financial weakness is discernible. All this may be perfectly true, and yet an American crisis may be brewing all the more rapidly for the present appearance of universal prosperity. And the great danger for England is the probability, approaching to certainty, that we shall become so extensively and so intimately engaged on American account as to preclude all hope of localising any commercial disturbance, and sustaining our own financial position in spite of any disasters that may occur elsewhere. The very fact that, with a circulation enormously beyond anything which has ever existed before, the premium on gold has stood, ever since the peace, at no more than 50 per cent. is the reverse of encouraging. An excessive currency can only be absorbed in this way by an excessive trade, and reaction follows as inevitably upon excess in this as in other matters. The stability of American markets would be much better secured if gold bore a premium more in proportion to the actual amount of superfluous notes; and it is impossible to contemplate the restrictive operations which Mr. McCulloch is, properly enough, bent upon, without grave doubts whether American trade will come safely through the ordeal. The trial cannot be avoided by any policy, and there is much sense in the determination of the Finance Minister to grapple with the risk at once, instead of waiting for a time when the commerce of his country may be still more inflated, and allowing the evils which follow in the train of a mock-prosperity to be aggravated, as they must be, by every day's delay.

If it were only certain that we should escape the consequences of any monetary disturbance in America, the course of affairs there might be watched with the placid interest with which we ordinarily contemplate the struggles and disasters of our friends; but there has been no example of a general commercial crisis in the United States which has not been severely felt also in the English markets. It is in the possible consequences of such a calamity that the only serious danger need be feared from the expansion of our trade with the United States; and, however much the *Times* may have erred in supposing that England was unable to bear the weight of a prosperous trade on the scale recently carried on, it would be a much more fatal error on the part of our merchants if they should assume that, after all she has gone through, and with all the difficulties yet to be mastered, America is not now in a very critical financial position. It is clearly not well for this country to stimulate the already unprecedented activity of American importers, or to cast in its lot too completely with a neighbour so peculiarly

situated; and, with the fullest admission of the completeness of the answers to some of the reasonings of the *Times*, it must be owned that the conclusion was not very erroneous. If not precisely for the reason assigned, still as a matter of fact, it is just now the most prudent course to keep transactions with America within moderate bounds; and the *Times* may well be thanked for giving a wholesome warning, even by those who utterly dissent from its somewhat extravagant picture of the present condition of our American trade.

#### ROUGH JUSTICE.

A LONG and not very agreeable trial at Guildhall, with the leading outlines of which most people are unhappily familiar, was ended this week in a way that may have led sceptical minds to doubt whether, after all, an honest British jurymen is the noblest work of God. The jury who had sat hatching the destinies of the plaintiff and the defendant for nearly a fortnight came to the conclusion, after some discussion, that Captain Hill was an injured person, but that it was not the negligence of his attorney, Mr. Finney, that had injured him. On discovering that this conclusion amounted naturally to a verdict for the defendant—who, if he had done no wrong to the plaintiff, could not be expected to pay for any wrong that others had done him—the jury determined to reconsider their opinion, and pronounced a second oracular judgment, finding, vaguely and generally, for Captain Hill; damages, one farthing. When the Judge expressed his astonishment at this apparent vacillation, they told him that they were anxious to give the plaintiff a fresh chance. They were more certain that they wished Captain Hill to have another start in life than they were that Mr. Finney, who on the admission of everybody was a respectable and able lawyer, had not been negligent or ignorant on one important occasion. Every one of a kindly disposition will be pleased that a young person who wants another start should have one, and it is to be hoped that Captain Hill, carrying out the benevolent wishes of the jury, will at once start off again with undiminished vigour. But it is tolerably clear that, if the jury were right in their first view, they did a very rough sort of justice by their second. However, the twelve jurymen determined to do justice in their own way. Both parties will have to pay their own costs, and Mr. Finney will be left to console himself with the reflection that he is paying costs in order to give Captain Hill a fresh start in life. Probably he will be inclined to hold that rough justice is a very unpleasant kind of thing. And rough justice is not usually a pleasant thing for those on whom the rough side of it falls. On the real merits of this *cause célèbre* we have not any desire to enlarge, it being obvious that they have been patiently investigated at some length before a competent tribunal. But putting ourselves for the time in the position of Mr. Finney, and regarding the whole matter from his point of view, there are certain consolations which we think—upon the assumption, for purposes of argument, that he has been hardly dealt with—he may derive from the study of philosophy. The elder Mr. Shandy and Cicero were both accustomed, under bereavement and misfortune, to refresh themselves by philosophical reflection; and, if Mr. Finney is of a similar disposition, he may while away a vacant half hour in considering what rough justice in theory is, and in what it differs from smooth justice.

One of the first thoughts that will occur to anybody who bestows any thought at all upon the subject is, that it is not quite certain that smooth justice has any existence at all, even in theory. It seems more likely that all justice, in its very nature, is and must be rough. The distinction between equity and justice is as old as the days of Greek philosophy. Every one who has read or skimmed his Aristotle knows perfectly wherein the difference between the two consists. The difficulty of all legislation is that the lawgiver has to lay down an unyielding and iron code of principles, or of regulations, to be applied invariably and inflexibly to circumstances that will arise perhaps in the far-off future. The incidents of life are so various and infinite that no mortal prescience can invent a standard which will fit itself exactly to every case, and the code of law applied to human affairs must at best be more or less like a line and plummet applied to the shifting surface of the sea. The most flexible and adequate code that civilization possesses is doubtless the purest code of morality recognised, in any given age, by the wisest and most temperate men belonging to it. Yet it is plain that no system of morality has ever been discovered which is not occasionally too rigid for the circumstances with which it has to deal. Morality may be roughly defined to be the golden mean which the most enlightened reason can observe in the government of the passions and the formation of habits. But reason, passion, and the golden mean itself, are all relative, and not absolute, terms. Each varies, and will always vary, according to time and place and climate, and twenty other changing conditions; and the morality of any people or age is accordingly only a relative, and not an absolute, law. And when we take the firmest and most stable moral code that can be found, we are met and perplexed by endless further difficulties. Sometimes one rule of morals cuts across another, and we find ourselves in want of some superior criterion to decide between their conflicting claims upon our attention. The science, falsely so called, of casuistry has been vainly, though constantly, employed to adjudicate upon

these delicate occasions; and sophists and casuists and schoolmen have puzzled their own heads and the heads of their disciples with unavailing attempts to settle the problem. We may rest assured that logic and hair-splitting are a very poor remedy for the difficulties and dilemmas inherent in moral codes. Other wise men are in the habit of falling back, under such circumstances, on what they are pleased to consider an illumined moral instinct, which is nothing more or less than conscience with a rather grander name. But this mode of solving the riddle will not carry us very far. Conscience is nothing better than a collective name given to certain recognised modes of thinking and feeling which we have obtained, often insensibly and unconsciously, from observation and education, together with a number of indistinct and inveterate preferences, or tastes, or prejudices, which have doubtless come to us from observation and education too, but which we cannot trace back to any exact or individual source. A man's conscience may or may not be in advance of the morality of his age, but it cannot, *ex hypothesi*, be in advance of the collected experience and wisdom of all time. Conscience itself, therefore, has not an absolute, but only a relative, value; and it is often a conscientious man who goes most wrong and does the world most harm. How to educate the conscience is accordingly the most inscrutable difficulty of all, and the philosopher or moralist who could bestow on us a sure and infallible recipe for sublimating the conscience would rank deservedly as a benefactor to the world, of whom Prometheus himself was only a poor type and figure. The most practical nostrum has been often said to be to study, as the great end of life, the happiness of one's fellow-creatures. This rule is pretty much the same as Kant's celebrated ethical principle which consists in so acting as if each act were to be the basis of a universal law for all time. But here, again, the old element of uncertainty crops up, with a new dress. Our judgment as to what is best for our fellow-creatures, even if purified from all alloy of selfishness or interest or personal antipathy, is in its very essence fallible. Each succeeding generation has a new and perhaps a wiser view of what is best for the happiness of society. We are thus driven back to our old position, and forced to recognise that the human mind, being both limited and fallible, cannot attain to a standard of right and wrong which can be taken to be absolutely true, or even immutable for all time, or perhaps even for a whole century.

If this is the case with morality—if it is even true in a certain sense, as Christians will allow, of Christian ethics themselves—far more is it the case with law. On the frequent injustice and the necessary injustice of law it is needless to dilate. All the world admits it; and even if a British jury and a British bench of judges are the most practical method of distributing justice, they are but an imperfect tribunal after all. Equity, according to the opinion of philosophers, is meant to redress these injustices and inequalities of justice. Those who dispense it are men animated with the spirit and the intentions of the legislator. They come after him to glean up the fragments he has left untouched and unnoticed, and to bend and fit his rigid code to circumstances for which he has made only an inadequate provision, and of which he has had no foreknowledge. All English judges, as Bentham was the first to show, have been entrusted with some such quasi-legislative power, and equity judges in particular have been avowedly instituted to use it. But the finest equity that we can conceive enthroned on human tribunals is scarcely worthy to be deemed a shadow of absolute and equal justice. In the first place, it is evident that every adjudication of a debated claim or question brings upon those who are the litigants a train of consequences in the future which cannot be calculated or foreseen. These consequences are the necessary result of the decision, and follow it as, in this world in which we live, effect follows invariably upon cause. But can it be said that these hidden consequences ever precisely meet the exact justice of the case? Men are richer or poorer among themselves; they belong to different stations, and have different ties and relations in life. Pain and pleasure vary in infinite degrees with different individuals; chances of making or marring fortune, and of repairing past misfortune, vary too; no punishment or penalty can be said to be entirely corresponding to the fault or the folly or the offence; and no reward is anything but proximate and rude when placed in conjunction with the deserts. Supposing, for a moment, we take the case of a litigant who has a wife or children. The pain and the burden of his discomfiture fall not so much, perhaps, on him as upon them. They are chastened for his shortcomings, and the costs of the trial come upon innocent households, or on offending widows or sons or daughters. Law and equity are both powerless to remedy, or even to take into consideration, all this circle of outlying circumstance. They can but treat the parties before them as equal in the eyes of the human tribunal, whereas in reality equality in the world is a thing unknown. The blow inflicted by human law on an individual never falls on two individuals alike. The intention and the impetus with which it is dealt may be the same; but the result of the shock scatters itself differently, in each case, over a diverse area, and communicates itself to many who, in the view of an All-seeing Judge, are far less worthy or able to bear it than even the triumphant suitor who comes off with flying colours from the contest. Equity is not much better, or more impartial, than war. Victory may be given to the juster cause, but the pain and misery are meted out among those who have nothing to do with the cause's goodness or iniquity. The ambitious aggression of Nicholas was, as many hold, properly



punished by the fall of Sebastopol and the losses among his troops; but Europe's only way of chastising a Northern despot was by propagating sorrow and poverty and death among the ignorant and unoffending inhabitants of his rude villages. *Delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi*. This may be inevitable, but for all that it is not the less unequal. And as it is in war, so it is, and must be, in the noblest court of equity that human ingenuity can devise. If punishment fell only on the guilty, the world would be happier than it is ever its destiny to become. And for this reason, and for similar reasons, we are compelled to the conclusion that all justice is but rough justice, and smooth justice is only a dream of the poets and the logicians.

It is not certainly from the contemplation of the ordinary events around them that they obtain materials for their conception of what abstract justice is. As far as we can see, there is no equality of distribution of the blessings and evils of life. When preachers tell us that Heaven is just, they mean rather that the justice of Heaven will be vindicated in the long run than that it is obvious at present. The contrary is so plain that theologians often base belief in a future state upon the convenience of another and a supplementary life to counter-balance the inequalities of this. The idea is a pious and a reverent one, and has been the consolation before now of the poor, the afflicted, and the oppressed. But the notion that equality is the law of nature, which, however disturbed now, will be restored in a future dispensation, rests upon a fanciful foundation. We need only take the case of animals, if we wanted to undermine it. One dog or horse lends a life of luxury, while another ekes out his few years in misery or starvation. If this is not inequality, it is not easy to say what it is. If, on the other hand, it is inequality of the most palpable kind, do theologians and philosophers mean to tell us that it is to be rectified and made up to dogs and horses hereafter? The fact is that justice, like beauty and morality, is a relative conception, and can only be said strictly to have a meaning when we apply it to a human and mundane state. It signifies, at most, that roughly-formed standard by which we attempt to repair the inequalities of this life. We predicate it indeed habitually, and not improperly, of the Providential Power which directs the movements and the permutations of the universe. Men take the best of the finite and imperfect notions that they can form, and, as an act of reverence, use them to wreath round the altars at which they worship. But the ornaments are rude and fragmentary at the best, and the attributes which finite minds create, by thinking of things as they are and as they would wish them to be, cannot by any stretching be made to fit worlds of which we have no experience. They have no existence upon earth; but whether they have any exact counterpart beyond the limits of space and time is a question to which the wisest philosophy affords no certain and impregnable answer.

#### THE GOVERNMENT OF COLOURED RACES IN COLONIES.

PERHAPS nothing so much illustrates the careless hand-to-mouth state of political opinion in England as the utter ignorance of two-thirds of the people, and the utter indifference of nearly the whole other third, as to the principles on which alien and dissimilar races ought to be governed. Whoever at any time thinks at all on the subject of civil government must think on this. But the fact is that, in England, very few people ever do think of the theory of government. We pride ourselves on our "practical" character and habits. We rejoice that we are not as other nations are, theorists and formalists. We have shaped, rather than designed, a form of government which altogether suits our disposition and our wants, but which is so full of modifications, inconsistencies, checks and counterchecks, that we should wholly despair of making it intelligible to an enlightened citizen of those nations which rejoice in the elaborate enunciation of first principles, and the rigid formularies of codified constitutions. We do not care very much about first principles. We fashion for ourselves a Parliament and Government, and re-fashion them as we feel the need of change. But we leave to a select few, whether natives or foreigners, the duty of explaining, criticizing, and formalizing what we have done.

This so-called "practical" character of our minds has made most of us wholly indifferent, if not blind, to one of the greatest problems which can puzzle the ingenuity of statesmen. For certainly no question can well be more puzzling than this:—"How ought subject alien races to be governed?" Even when the unexpected flash of a Jamaica rebellion or tumult startles us, we fail to recognise in the event a symptom which we ought long since to have studied and examined. We had a graver warning in the Indian mutiny; smaller ones in disturbances at St. Vincent's and Antigua. The Indian mutiny was put down, but it flared long enough to startle the whole of England with its unwonted blaze. The riots at St. Vincent's and Antigua were also put down, though not in a very satisfactory or honourable way; for the one required the intervention of French troops, and the other left vestiges of greater alarm on the minds of those who had been assailed than of those who disturbed the public peace. The final suppression of the first, and the comparative obscurity of the latter insurrections deadened inquiry and thought in England. "Practical" men took it for granted that, if such outbreaks did occur, some means would be found to put them down. So all concern was dissipated, men ceased to think on the subject, and its important bearings on the relations, not only of England, but

of other European countries, to other multifarious races were soon lost sight of.

Yet, even in an age in which intelligent artisans allow themselves to be persuaded by a powerful demagogue that there was a time in the history of England when the right of voting for members of Parliament was possessed by all yearly tenants of houses (as that phrase is now understood), it may not be impossible to convince some persons that the question which we have propounded, even if difficult of solution, is worthy of consideration. To us, as a people, it is one of urgent importance. To others—for example, Holland, France, Spain, and the United States—it is only of less importance because their coloured and alien subjects are less numerous than ours. But it is important to all Europe and to the European races in North America, because both Europe and America will, every succeeding year, have greater intercourse with this motley herd of dissimilar populations. In England we see little of these races. A Lascar at a crossing, an old negro servant preserved as a relic by an only half-ruined Jamaica family, are objects which excite occasional sympathy or liking or pity in the mind of the worldly Londoner. A negro preacher or law student occasionally falls in our way; but it would hardly be accurate to say that either of these specimens is generally calculated to excite sympathy or liking beyond the unctuous pale of Exeter Hall. As a rule, English people out of London see little either of the Eastern or the African races. They do not know what it is to grow up with, and in close proximity to, a race of different origin, manners, thoughts, intellect, from themselves, and bearing on their bodies the strong ineradicable signs of this hereditary difference. Not only are the races different in all other characteristics, but they have the two signal marks of distinction—a distinct feature and a distinct colour. Of this contiguity of populations nothing is known in England, as it is known in the East Indies, in the West Indies, and the Southern States of the American Federation. But something distantly resembling it is known in our larger towns. There, mixed up with our own native artisans, is a large body of Irish immigrants—different indeed in race, lineage, and religion, but not different in colour or language. Such dissimilarity as does exist, though fruitful in small disputes, and inimical to fusion, does not prevent a general harmony of existence and occasional intermarriages. It gives, however, a peculiar, and perhaps not a desirable, character to the life of those districts in which the two races are found together. There is a great deal of Celtic impulse, of Celtic warmth, of Celtic mobility, and Celtic quickness, together with a certain degree of Celtic insincerity and want of truth, thrown, in casual and unadjusted proportions, into mixture with the dull stolid obstinacy of the lower Englishman. The result is not, on the whole, particularly pleasing. But then there is this to be remembered. Both the races thus brought together in frequent collision and only partial combination are of the lowest and poorest class. All the temptations and all the irritations of poverty are common to both. And the result could hardly be expected to be pleasing. When the Irish become disproportionately numerous (which they have a faculty of becoming), their characteristics give a decided tone and colour to the suburb or district. What that tone and that colour are, magistrates, vestrymen, and parish officers can best define. Whatever they are (and they are not unmixedly bad) they illustrate—partially, indeed, imperfectly, and suggestively—what it is to deal with a whole population of which not one-half or two-thirds, but eight or nine-tenths, are as dissimilar and as alien from the governing race as the great Author of mankind can make his creatures.

Does it ever occur to mere loungers in a London club, laying down the law with a positiveness of assertion that makes men of experience and knowledge dumb with amazement, that there are not only inherent but increasing difficulties in the way of governing these dusky populations? That such is the case will be testified by every Englishman who returns from official, professional, or commercial life in India or the West Indies. It is natural that the feeling of nationality, and the desire of vindicating it, should in every people be intensified and exasperated by the presence of another, and that a dominant race; and we must not be surprised if the mixed races who make up the population of British India—Hindoos, Mussulmans, and what not—should gradually learn from the incumbent sway of England the dreamy notion of a united Indian People. It may take generations to give the vision body and form; but whether it ever will—or will within any assignable period of time—become a reality, depends, according to all trustworthy accounts, much more upon Englishmen, English officers civil and military, and English residents, than on the natives themselves. "As long as we prove ourselves worthy to govern and capable of governing, so long shall we continue to govern. From the moment we betray the slightest consciousness of incapacity, from that moment our raj is doomed." Such is the testimony of those who know India best and longest. And what they mean is this:—In order to govern an Eastern people, you must not shirk the outward and visible signs of governing. You must not appear to fear them, or to fear anything. You must not allow the people to take liberties with you. You must not allow them to jostle you in the streets, as they now do in Bombay. You must assert your authority in ways which might be thought strange in England. "If," say they, "you treat a Bombay man or a Bengalee as you would treat an Englishman of the lower class, you do not conciliate him; you simply affront his pride. You are of the governing race; yet you allow him to push and jostle you as he would push or jostle some wretched Pariah. He knows you

do not permit this through pure affection. Therefore, he infers, you do it through fear. That simple suspicion of fear on your part is a loss equal to the loss of a great battle. It destroys the feeling of veneration, which is an instinct of the Oriental. It saps the innate submissiveness of the natives, and stimulates a rebellious contempt which one day may be fatal."

This doctrine, if it has some followers, has many opponents in England. All the religious world is opposed to it. It is apparently opposed to the teaching of the Gospel. It is not readily reconcilable with those texts which inculcate humility, long-suffering, and turning the cheek to the smiter. But, if this be so, and if India cannot be retained by a precise adhesion to the most pacific texts of the New Testament, some rather embarrassing questions present themselves. If India were Christian—that is, if the people of India admitted the obligation of Christian precepts—of course every English officer of every kind might be expected to deal with them as he would deal with his own countrymen at home. But not only is this not the case now, but there seems no chance of its ever being the case. There are, and probably will continue to be, conversions, more or less genuine, to Christianity all over the peninsula. But to suppose that the mass of the Mussulman and Hindoo population will ever profess Christianity of the English Protestant type is simply one of those expectations on which no statesman would ever think of acting. And so long as they remain Mussulmans or Hindoos, so long will their awe and obedience be ensured by those virtues on the part of their masters which, though co-existent with many Christian qualities, are not themselves specially and eminently typical of the Christian character. To hold out-numbering foes at bay, to preserve a haughty and imperious demeanour amid treacherous and rebellious subjects, to forego not one jot of merited severity even when all around is ominous of danger and perfidy, these are the virtues which awe the Eastern mind; but they are not the virtues most specially inculcated in the Epistles of St. James or St. John. And we fear that those virtues which are most specially enjoined by the last-named Apostle are signally calculated to excite in the Eastern mind feelings as opposed as well can be to awe, reverence, and submission.

With regard to the negroes, a superficial contrast is established between them and the natives of India by the readiness with which the former have learned to profess Christianity. It must be remembered that the negroes who are known to us as Christians had no choice but between Christianity and Paganism. No other religion, at the time of their conversion, was known to them. At this day it is an open question whether Mahometanism, whenever it does compete with Christianity in Central and even in Western Africa, does not compete successfully. Certainly the superior tribes, the more warlike races—those of whom, because they are the more warlike, we see the least in our own colonies—are for the most part Mahometans. These men will die rather than be sold as slaves. Our own negroes became Christians after they had become slaves. And there was much in the Christianity popularly taught by the missionaries to the negroes which was likely to engage the sympathies of the latter. Compassionateness and long-suffering were qualities calculated to gain the hearts of men living in bondage. Subsequently, after the days of bondage, the negro found particular attractions in the doctrines which his Baptist teachers love to dwell on, without qualification or limitation—namely, the equality of all men; the duty of calling no man "master"; in fine, all those doctrines which are generally known as those of Christian socialism. Preached to men endowed with no power of reflection, but gifted with an amount of self-conceit which no other race of human beings ever possessed, and with a love of lazy devotion, they naturally inflated their self-importance until it broke down the barriers of ancient customs, manners, and feelings. The negro, civilly free and religiously exalted, began, like all other races, to dream of a nationality for his own colour. He was the equal of the white man. Why should he work for the white man? Why should he be governed by the white man? Such, we are informed on good authority, are the questions with which the negroes of our West India colonies season their social gatherings. Neither identity of language nor identity of creed has broken down the barrier between the white race and the black race. Both have made the negroes fanatical democrats of the socialist type. Though speaking the same tongue and living under the same laws, they have very few sympathies with white men. The black man craves an equality which the white man will not concede. The white man avows a superiority which the modern negro will not admit. The gulf widens deeper between them every day. A strong external power keeps the two elements together. It compels them in appearance to maintain a genuine harmony. In truth, it only compels them to keep a long truce. But how long will this truce last? And is this government? Can any sort of recognised polity be said to exist where two dissimilar races, of the most opposite natures, are kept from flying at one another only by a Power three thousand miles away? And that they cannot be so kept apart for ever, this Jamaica outbreak shows.

Many persons who speak with a personal knowledge of the West Indies say that events have long been moving up to this catastrophe; that it was long foreseen; that it was a mere question of sooner or later; that the conflict was simply postponed by tact and management; and that it will again be repeated at no distant day. We have not experience or knowledge sufficient to affirm or deny these allegations. But we feel assured of this. If there

is any truth in them, two things are clear. First, that there can be no public opinion in the West Indies; only heated passion in two hostile camps. Next, that to attempt to govern the West Indies on the principles of Exeter Hall would be as unfair to our white brethren as to govern them on the principles of Colonel Hobbes, Colonel Whitfield, and the West India ensigns would be cruel to our black subjects. Who shall discover the true art of governing the two races? The French treat their free blacks as aliens, amenable to police protection and police supervision. But this cannot now be even tried in English colonies. Such are the fruits of a government founded on a public opinion of the narrowest metropolitan pretensions. The two races are becoming intolerant of each other, and there is no powerful dispassionate mediator between them possessing the requisite knowledge of local habits, relations, and prejudices.

#### ANARCHY ON PRINCIPLE.

PHILOSOPHIC onlookers may find a good deal of amusement in wondering how long the English public will continue to prefer a little set of fine-sounding phrases to substantial comfort and convenience and decency. At the present moment, the authority of the fine phrases is undisputed. No amount of experience of their hollowness and inefficacy seems to damage their general credit. Tradition consecrates them, and there is something astonishing in the tenacity by which tradition is able to stifle the lessons of what is actually going on every day under our eyes. With that pleasant conceit which has such fast hold of the British mind, we laugh at the credulity of Americans who surrender themselves to the spread-eagleism and bunkum of any stump-orator who chooses to talk to them. We laugh at the sluggish political helplessness of Germans, who are poring over dictionaries instead of resolutely managing and improving their affairs. We laugh at Frenchmen, as a nation of mouthing theorists, who have no capacity for the discharge of practical public duties. These are notions which an ordinary Briton sucks in with his mother's milk and his daily paper. His fury or contempt would know no bounds if his understanding could once be penetrated by the fact that there are those who look upon him too as a slave to bunkum, as a sluggish neglecter of his interests, and even as a mouthing theorist. However, he has numbers on his side. Most people think that we are the most admirably practical nation that the human imagination can picture to itself. We may be rather behind Germans in the matter of Greek and Latin, and rather behind Frenchmen in the knack of concocting airy general propositions. But we do, at any rate, possess the knack of contriving means to ends. In theories we may be weak, but in practical organization we are altogether perfect and admirable.

There is scarcely any phrase so efficacious in the cajolery we thus ingeniously practise upon ourselves as that of "local self-government." The most beneficent project in the world would be expelled contumeliously from a creditable position in the public eye, if somebody would only get up and assert with sufficient boldness and sufficient pertinacity that it was hostile to the great principle of self-government. By this principle, we are told, a nation learns self-respect. To it we are indebted for our personal rights and liberty. It is invaluable as an agent for training a people up to a habit of conducting large and important transactions. It breeds a generous and active public spirit in the breast of the citizen. The glorification of self-government is as familiar to an Englishman as the glorification of the Bird of Freedom is to an American. We all of us know every line and every note of this conventional hymn to the great God of Vestries. The image of the God is polished up and brought out for public adoration, and the hymn fervently sung, whenever any atheistically-minded person proposes to tamper with the municipal or parochial anarchy which is in truth the secret of Britannia ruling the waves. If order were to come out of this splendid chaos—if Vestries and Town Councils were made to discharge their duties, or else were deprived of their rights—Britannia would instantly cease to rule the waves. We should cease to be great, glorious, and free; and the charter of the land (wherever it may be) would no longer be worth the paper it is written upon. It is worth while to compare this enthusiastic picture of what the grand parochial deity can do with what he actually does. One must not take an idea of the majesty and power of Baal altogether from what his priests say of him. Let us look at local self-government as it appears in action; say last week, for example. It was the second week in January. January is a month in which, in this climate, snow and frost may be expected. But the London local authorities are like the King of Siam. They don't believe that there is such a process in nature as freezing, although, unlike the King of Siam, they have had some experience in the matter. However, in spite of the incredulity of vestries, the snow came, and the streets were all but absolutely impassable. Where was the great Baal in this time of sore need? Peradventure he was asleep, or peradventure he was on a journey. Anyhow, nothing, literally nothing, was done. Where the snow fell, there it lay. Locomotion was at an end, except with grievous perils to life and limb. Great reaches of cold sludgy ooze flowed in what once were the thoroughfares. Self-government looked on, stolid and immovable. The self-governors were detained from their business, and constrained to break their appointments; they suffered horrid contusions and fractures from having to slide, unwonted, along half-swept pavements; they caught violent colds and fevers and



rheumatism, from having to wade across deep fords. As for the unfortunate four-footed beasts, the amount of strain and agony which such a state of things entails upon them is so frightful that no humane man can think of it without shuddering and horror. And all this was not for a space of a couple of hours. Three whole days it lasted, and without a single effort, on the part of any public body whatever, to mend matters. If there had been no vestry, no corporation, no police, things could not have been more intolerable. The sublime art of not doing it—in which an English local board excels the most indolent Spaniard or Black that ever lived—has probably never been carried to such perfection. Last year, at the end of January, something of the same sort occurred. The public ways were very much as they were last week, but only for two days, and one of these was Sunday. No doubt, when the snow falls again next year, the officials will prove just as scandalously helpless and inefficient. The experience of one year is forgotten before the next; only it scarcely amounts to experience. Experience implies some sort of sensibility, some little power of observation, some slight faculty of realizing a given circumstance. The mind of a local board is thoroughly devoid of all these qualities. What to an ordinary mortal would be experience only affects a board as water affects the back of an oily duck. It simply flows off, without leaving behind any trace whatever. Yet local self-government, as at present practised, means government by incapable bodies of this kind. It is only an organized anarchy.

Still, it may be said, in spite of this terrible sludge, the moral influences of the popular principle are invaluable. Physically, self-government may be a rather uncomfortable business; but morally, it is majestic. You may get your feet very wet, it is true, but wet feet are a trifling price to pay for that noble exaltation which belongs to the free and self-governing citizen. Are damp boots to make you willing to surrender the privileges for which men have shed their blood? The patriots of Guildhall would rather have a dozen people annually crushed to death by crowds which their police could not control than have a hated foreigner from the West End, the minion of centralization, set in authority over them. Shall a catarrh do what a dozen of trampled martyrs could not do? This may suit the palate of the conceited vestryman, but, viewed unethically, the moral influence of local self-government is less attractive. It is an odd way of implanting self-respect to invite a man to survey the disgraceful condition of the public ways as they were last week. The masses of snow and mud and ice, lying for three days untouched, form an odd comment on the argument that self-government teaches a people energetic and business-like ways of looking at things. It is said, and apparently with truth, that if the scavengers' carts had been ordered out, the streets could have been entirely cleared in a single night. If the metropolis had been a private estate, this would, no doubt, have been done. The sludge formed an odd illustration, too, of the public spirit which the extolled principle is supposed to generate. The public spirit of a vestry has almost ceased to be even a jest.

But the brilliant social principle that in this country, or in London at least, every public body has a right to do as it pleases, and that there is no obligation upon any body to do what pleases it not in matters relating to the public convenience, is in no lack of illustrations. The defiant audacity of a railway company, or a gas company, or a water company, is as inexhaustible as that of a vestry, or a board of guardians, or a municipal council. The mingled silliness and impudence of the Lord Mayor, who said that Sir George Grey ought to have asked the Corporation to allow Mr. Russell Gurney to go to Jamaica, before asking Mr. Russell Gurney himself whether he would go or not, is a fair sample of the ordinary conduct of such bodies. Their own self-importance comes first, and second, and third. The interest and the convenience of the public come nowhere at all. The case of Southwark Street, to which a correspondent of the *Times* has called attention, teaches the same moral. An attempt was made, when that street was constructed, to introduce a clause into the Bill making the use of a subway compulsory upon gas companies and water companies who should have occasion to repair their works, and so rendering any disturbance of the thoroughfare unnecessary. Of course this clause would have been a most iniquitous interference with the sacred rights of Companies to tear up the streets and interrupt the traffic at their own good will and pleasure. It was centralization of power in the Metropolitan Board—centralization here meaning the comfort and advantage of having a convenient street where you wanted it, just as at Guildhall centralization meant the comfort and advantage of being able to see a procession without the certainty of being crushed to death.

We move wretchedly about our city, amid all manner of disgusts and inconveniences, suffering endless things of all manner of Boards and Companies and Corporations, losing time and money and composure, and yet we are bidden to endure all, because it is the price we pay for our unrivalled political freedom. A man might as well run off to the Fiji Islands, and live on roots, and lodge in a hole in the ground, and then say that this was the price he had to pay for his liberty. These discomforts have nothing to do with our freedom. They are purely voluntary and gratuitous. The more powerful and numerous the various Corporations become, the more necessary is it to have a strong Government—a centralizing Government, if you will—to give force to public opinion, which can have no other effective organ in the contest with sinister interests—interests none the less sinister for being those of bodies nominally existing for the public weal. Nobody wants to have M. Haussmann's policy

imported here. But the people who are the dupes of a phrase do not see that we want either a strong Minister or a strong Board (which would be sure to come to the same thing) to protect us from this very policy, as it is acted upon by public bodies—with this important difference, however, that the Parisian despot uses his power to render the city more beautiful and more convenient, while ours is steadfastly engaged in making London the most unsightly, troublesome, and inconvenient spot on the face of the globe. Our chief Haussmann is the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company; and on the whole we prefer the foreign system. Only this is not the alternative. There is no incompatibility between a vigorous protection of genuine public interest and the most liberal regard for private enterprise. At present, the former is confided to Committees of the House of Commons; with what result the state of London amply shows.

#### IMMORAL BENEVOLENCE.

THERE is a large section of the British public which appears to be constantly waiting for an opportunity to give something to somebody. The characteristic is by no means an unamiable one, but it is just possible that it may sometimes do a very considerable amount of mischief. The soft-hearted philanthropist gives a penny to a street beggar, and proceeds on his way rejoicing, with the consciousness of a virtuous action. It seems almost unkind to assert what is nevertheless the fact, that few investments of the like moderate amount would produce a more certain and fertile crop of evil than the penny so expended. The sums bestowed in indiscriminate almsgiving are practically subscribed for the propagation of misery and crime; and are as surely devoted to that purpose as though administered for that special end by the most elaborate machinery of chairmen and committees. Nor is this a recondite secret of political economy, or one of the hidden things of social science. It has been proclaimed, discussed, demonstrated; it has almost passed into a truism; but the amiable philanthropist gives his penny still, and pats himself on the back with fatuous self-commendation.

This principle of illogical benevolence takes various forms, some of them rather amusing. One old lady employs her modest independence in maintaining a hospice for decayed bull-terriers and wandering mongrels, who fare sumptuously, and luxuriate on rumpsteak and chicken. It is true that the objects of her charity, after a course of this rich diet, are apt, like Jeshurun, to "wax fat and kick," or rather bite; and the benevolent foundress has occasionally had to pay handsomely for their innocent playfulness. Saving this not immaterial exception, it may be conceded that the good lady might easily put her spare cash to worse uses. Others, again, devote their sympathies to interesting murderers; while a third class reserve their pity and their postage-stamps for virtue in distress, as indicated by the columns of the newspapers. It does not matter in the least what kind of distress, nor very much what kind of virtue. All that is required is a pathetic letter, or a sensation leader, setting forth how somebody or other is in a very bad way, and the thing is done. The illogical philanthropists absolutely rush to the rescue, and subscriptions begin to flow in immediately. We may remark, by the way, that a golden opportunity has lately been lost. If some ingenious gentleman had started a subscription a few weeks back to compensate the poor butchers for their losses by the rinderpest, he might have made a very handsome thing of it. Now, we fear that it is almost too late.

One of the latest eccentricities of this kind, however, is worthy of more than a passing mention. The facts are fresh in the recollection of every one; but not every one, probably, will have taken the pains to deduce the necessary moral. A farm-labourer at Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, was lately brought before the local magistrates charged with stealing a hurdle, value sixpence. The fact was clearly proved. The accused pleaded previous good character, and the pressure of poverty; that his wages were but eight shillings a week, and that out of this scanty pittance he had to pay one shilling a week for house-rent, and to find food and clothing for a large family of children. There was a little disagreement as to the exact amount of the wages received, but there is no reason to doubt that the sum was pretty nearly as stated. The upshot of the case was that the offender was sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment. The sentence was no doubt unduly severe, and certain papers got up a good deal of cheap indignation on the subject of "justices' justice." So far well; all concerned might have lived happily ever afterwards, and been none the worse. Not content, however, with abusing the magistrates, the papers proceeded to magnify the victim, setting forth in effective juxtaposition his many virtues and his few friends—the smallness of his wages and the largeness of his family. Forthwith the hat goes round. The virtuous peasant in distress has always been a popular character, and the subscriptions flow in freely; so freely, that it is estimated that it would have taken the virtuous peasant about fourteen years to earn the amount collected, at his ordinary rate of wages. It is pleasant to think that there should be, in this cold and selfish world, so much liberality and charitable feeling. Unfortunately, the primary and direct cause of this well-intentioned bounty is the fact that John Cross was tried and convicted for stealing a sixpenny hurdle. The theft was a very small one, true; the sentence was unduly heavy, true also; but there was no uncertainty as to the

quality of the act. The theft was a theft, after all; and that theft was the immediate cause which has called forth these liberal subscriptions. People may say that they contribute because the man is so miserably poor, because he has so large a family depending on him; but this is shirking the question. There are hundreds of other Dorsetshire labourers, and other persons too, every whit as badly off as John Cross. There are others with as large families, as scanty wages—but no subscription-list is opened for them. The only distinction which will be patent to the bucolic mind is that John Cross has stolen a hurdle, and they have not. And it would puzzle John Cross's patrons to draw any more accurate or valid distinction. Can it be wondered at if rural Dorset reasons a little further (for even the bucolic mind does reason occasionally), and comes to the natural conclusion that John Cross and his large family are for the future to be nursed in the lap of luxury, simply because he stole the hurdle. The line of argument is plain. John Cross has to keep soul and body together on eight shillings a week; so have we. John Cross has a large family; so have we. John Cross has stolen a hurdle, and we have not; therefore, John Cross is rolling in riches, while we continue to starve. The conclusion is a startling one, but is not the less just. The "essential difference," in logical phrase, of John Cross was this petty theft; and wherein he differed, he was so much worse, and not better than his fellows. We wonder how many of John Cross's neighbours have envied him his good luck in stealing that hurdle, and how many times John Cross himself has regretted (since the event) that he never thought of stealing a hurdle before.

This, however, it will be said, is mere theory—the outpouring of a bilious cynicism. In practice, rural Dorset will rejoice at the good fortune of its fellow-labourer, and will be fortified rather than otherwise in the observance of the Christian virtues, by finding that justice so freely tempered with mercy has been dealt out to an erring brother. Unfortunately for this sunny philosophy, the matter has already been brought to a practical test. The heaven has not had long to work, but the fermentation has already begun. The letter of a "Dorset Rector," published in the *Times* a few days since, proclaims the first-fruits of the seed which folly has sown. After giving the particulars of another very recent attempt at hurdle-stealing in the same district, the writer goes on to say:—

I heard labourers express envy at John Cross's fortune, when it did not amount to one-third of the sum it has now reached. They won't believe it was a contribution for his large family; their views of a large family are not very unlike those of a Lancashire factory hand—namely, that each pays for himself, and swells the family purse, after a certain age. The idea they entertain is that this money was given because he was punished for "taking" such a paltry thing. Farmers, and even country gentlemen, look upon it as a direct encouragement to the petty pilfering from which they suffer so much.

If the charitable folks who have done so much mischief had contributed a few shillings to maintain their protégé's family while the breadwinner was in gaol, they would have done a kind and Christian act. As it is, they have made one family happy, and a whole district discontented for life; and have at the same time dealt a blow to rustic morality, in Dorsetshire and elsewhere, from which it will take long to recover. But this is not, even thus far, the only result of the John Cross subscription. Even if rural Dorset had not so ungratefully brought them into discredit, the philanthropists themselves are determined to "point a moral and adorn a tale" on their own account. Birds in their little nests agree, but not so philanthropists. The sums collected were, it seems, as follows:—247*l.* 14*s.* 3*d.* subscribed through the medium of the *Daily Telegraph*; 60*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.* through that of the *Manchester Examiner*; and 14*l.* 16*s.* 2*d.* collected by the Rev. C. Onslow, a clergyman near Wimborne, who, in conjunction with a representative of the first-named newspaper, accepted the trusteeship of the fund. A small portion was applied to meet the immediate necessities of the Cross family, and the balance invested as a permanent provision for them. We have no reason to doubt that the trustees did, according to their lights, the best they could for their clients; but unfortunately the philanthropists of the *Manchester Examiner* took it into their heads that the philanthropists of the *Daily Telegraph* had rather more than their share in the management of the fund. A meeting was called at Manchester, and some of the subscribers were unkind enough to attack the Rev. C. Onslow in a style which reminds one how Mr. Stiggins, at the meeting of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association, accused Brother Tadger of drunkenness, and knocked him down the ladder. Mr. Onslow, very naturally, has retired in disgust, and we are credibly informed, intends to mind his own business for the future. Far be it from us to reprehend the practice of almsgiving. Charity is one of the noblest of the virtues; and we should rejoice to see it practised more extensively than it is. But there is reason even in the roasting of eggs, and we have a right to demand that charity shall be so exercised as not to aggrandize the individual to the injury of the many. Those who have the time and inclination to be their own almoners will have no difficulty in finding worthy objects almost at their own doors. For those who have not, there are plenty of noble hospitals and public institutions that will undertake to administer their bounty, and will do it worthily. When these fail, it will be time enough to look after the "deserving objects" of a sensation newspaper.

## MISS EMMA HARDINGE.

WE hardly think that Miss Emma Hardinge does herself full justice. Unlike her sex and her adopted country, she is hiding her candle under a bushel. She is more than she avows herself; or rather, in one phase of her many-coloured life, she has been, or is, more than she represented on Saturday last at St. James's Hall. For a Pythoness to come out only as "an Oratress" is a wrong to herself—to say nothing of the insult to the English language—as well as a delusion to her hearers. Fluent gabble is one thing; inspired utterances are another. Of course it is possible that Miss Hardinge may have a double personality, but she ought to avow this. Criticism would be thrown away on a mere instrument and organ of inspiration; and if anybody—man, woman, or "oratress"—claims to be divinely prompted in all his, her, or its utterances, it is only for the outer world submissively and reverentially to listen. At St. James's Hall Miss Hardinge only delivered a lecture on America, and she merely described herself as a well-known stump speaker, who had "delivered thirty-two orations in thirty-eight days in favour of the re-election of the late President Lincoln." We have here an importation of Yankee notions which has a certain amount of interest, like the woolly horse, or General Washington's nurse. An exotic is always a curiosity; we are not in the habit of meeting with "oratresses," and stumping a State is a political experience new to us. But the interest in this sort of thing is limited. As Dr. Johnson said of a female fiddler, so we feel about an "oratress"; the wonder is, not how she does it, but that she does it at all. But when we come to know a little more about Miss Emma Hardinge, a very much higher interest connects itself with her public appearance; and we only regret, for her own sake, that she did not announce to the public the full grandeur of her mission, and all that she is. The cautious brochure which she circulates as her advertisement only speaks of her political campaign in favour of the Unionists, especially in California. In this pamphlet she details her sensations and motives and sacrifices; she merely describes herself as consumed with zeal for the North. But all this is a very ordinary and commonplace affair. She is only "an extemporaneous speaker" who has been, according to her own account, very successful with mass and monster meetings. In this there is nothing more than what we have in Mr. Bright, or the paid Temperance orators of our own country. But Miss Hardinge is really something much more, if she would but own it. She has gifts which it would be profane to criticize; her utterances are from the unseen world; her voice is the voice of intelligences before which we have only to bow, and which it is ours at once reverently and silently to accept. Over and above her political aspect, she is the chosen depositary of the secrets of the unseen world; and, rightly to understand her prophecies, we have only to hear what she is according to the *Spiritual Magazine*—which we observe she does not quote, and does not appeal to, at St. James's Hall. We find, from this funny journal, that Miss Hardinge is, according to the authority of an apostle in spiritualism, "one of the most powerfully-gifted speakers who have as yet appeared as exponents of the spiritual philosophy. She speaks in what may be termed a semi-trance state, and she says she is guided and influenced in her speaking by spirits whom she recognises. She speaks without preparation." This is what we are told, upon what in this case is the best authority; and we are further assured that the hearers of her inspired utterances "were almost as much entranced by her power as she herself was by the spirit which spoke through her." If all this is true, and if Miss Hardinge accepts this authoritative account of her mission and her inspiration, she is at once taken out of the category of oratresses.

But perhaps this is only the partial and over-favourable estimate of her friends. It may be that she does not claim the superhuman dignity which the *Spiritual Magazine* thrusts upon her. Let us therefore hear herself. Miss Hardinge, it appears, was an actress in England, and ten years ago she went to New York to fulfil an engagement at the Broadway Theatre. This engagement was not a success, and, according to her own printed account, she accidentally discovered, in a spirit circle, that she was a medium. Her friends pronounced her to be "a fine clairvoyant and clairaudient subject, and offered to take her to a few celebrated public mediums, where she would be 'developed right away.'" And right away she was developed. "The touch of Mrs. Kellogg's hand appeared like a magician's hand, illuminating the latent fires of magnetic power, which, once enkindled, ever after burned in the steady light of mediumistic gifts." These are her own words. We all remember that certain pleasant violence was always necessary to compel the Pythoness of old to seat herself on the sacred tripod. This peculiarity of the spirit-world survives. Miss Hardinge felt at first a modest reserve to let the world know how really great she was—a reluctance which it seems still clings to her. But if Miss Hardinge declines to be true to herself, she ought to be true to her inspiration and "the spirits." Queer people these spirits are, and they have a queer way of going on. But for us it is only to record what they do and say; far be it from the profane to question their method of revelation. Mr. Philip Smith, a dead man, manifests his presence to Miss Hardinge in a remarkably unpleasant way:—"I distinctly felt an icy cold hand laid on my arm. . . . SOMETHING pulled my hair; all the while the coldness of the air increasing painfully. My convulsed hand was moved tremblingly—'My dear Emma, I am come to tell you I am dead. The ship



*Pacific* is lost, and all on board have perished." Very unpleasant to be a medium, and iced like a bottle of wine, although the inconvenience may be counterbalanced by possessing "the faculty of seeing spirits, hearing voices of invisible speakers uttering spontaneous prophecies, and beholding visions produced in the air." At length Miss Hardinge and the spirits came to an understanding. She was invited to Troy, to lecture, by the Association of Spiritual Philosophy. Without a thorough perception of what she was doing, Miss Hardinge consented; and, not unnaturally, she set about preparing a lecture. But this would never do. After she had got up her talk, "one of my familiar spirits, addressing me as usual in a form of analytical cross-examination," asks in unpardonably familiar terms: "What is Emma covering so much white paper with black scratches for?" "I am writing the lecture you want me to make for you." "For whom, Emma?" "For Spirits," I answered sulkily. "Spirits will not let Emma read lectures; she will speak, not read, for Spirits." "I cannot speak; I must read." "We shall take away your eyesight." Emma then tries another dodge. "I would study my lecture." But the voice demanded, "Why does Emma wear out her shoes in traversing this apartment?" "I am trying to study this stuff." "We shall take away your memory." And the spirits were as good as their word. Miss Hardinge went on to the platform; a thick mist swam before her; she was only conscious of unconsciousness. Whilst plunged in dreamy ecstasy she "found herself getting off a calm and composed lecture, and between dreaming and counting, and now and then listening to herself, and wondering what she was going to say next, and then forgetting to attend to it, she got through an hour of one of the best lectures that had ever been delivered on that platform . . . and from that hour to the present, during eight years of incessant labour, averaging about five lectures a week, the same kind of control, with slight variations, has possessed me, dispelling all fear, and carrying me on in the love and tender care of my all-sufficient, powerful, and wise masters, without one single occasion on which the carping critic or my own excessive sensitiveness could write the sound of failure." Far be it from us to perform the extraordinary feat of writing a sound of criticism, or of writing any other sound; equally far be it from us to question the inspired speaker's excessive sensitiveness. But here is quietly announced, as though it were quite a matter of course, that Miss Hardinge has already delivered, or been delivered of, more than 2,080 lectures. And this leads us up to what we own is our difficulty.

"Such," Miss Hardinge concludes, "is a very faint and imperfect sketch of my career." She declares that "she has never failed to receive words of warning, encouragement, sure prophecy, and wise counsel from the faithful and beloved masters whom it has been her joy and fortune to serve." What, then, we have to inquire is, whether the oration at which we had the privilege to assist on Saturday was among those words of sure prophecy dictated to Miss Hardinge by her faithful and beloved masters? If not, why not? and if it were, why she did not say so? If she has a double function; if, when merely splendengling, she speaks on her own hook, but when engaged with philosophy, metaphysics, the standard of truth, the mysteries relating to the connection of brain with matter, the magnetic force, and such little matters as Christianity, the Miracles, Inspiration, and the great Cause of Causes (all these mere trifles being the subjects of her addresses), she speaks entirely under inspiration; then we ask how she distinguishes her sacred and profane utterances. In other words, we want to know whether she is always sure that she is herself, or whether she is always conscious that she has any self. What, in fact, are her tests as applied to her own consciousness?

For ourselves, we are completely puzzled. The oration of Saturday might be dictated by the spirits, or it might be only the gifted oratrix's own gabble. No doubt it was, as the *New York Times* expresses it, characterized by "a rhetorical finish, a perfection of logic, and a keen analytical perspicuity," according to the Transatlantic sense or nonsense of these terms; but then it might be either mundane or supernundane. It was bunkum enough for either. Like her great predecessor, Miss Codgers, being out of her depth and unable to swim, she splashed up words in all directions, and floundered about famously. There was just that bloated and flabby mock eloquence in Miss Hardinge's "oration," that sonorous absence of all argument, that substitute of platitudes for depth, that affectation of high and holy thought which would be so edifying were it in the slightest degree intelligible, that we would willingly attribute it to the spirits rather than to any rational creature. But, on the other hand, there was so much that smacked of material and mundane experiences, such old familiar tricks of a second-rate professional, such palpable familiarity with stage business, and such unmistakable reminiscences of the 2,080 previous performances, that we are, on the whole, convinced that the spirits had little or nothing to do with it. And Miss Hardinge, to do her justice, does not say that they had. Or if the spirits were in the background, we are certain that one of them was named Elijah Pogram, and that we were at last in the sacred presence of Jefferson Brick, and the Bird-o'-Freedom hero of Mr. Biglow. As to the manner of the oratrix, it is really worth a visit to St. James's Hall to witness the phenomenon. Two hours of it was, as they would say in America, a caution; but ten minutes of Miss Hardinge is a treat—of a sort. Such studied attitudinizing, such melodramatic starts and bounces, and solemn stalking

about the stage; such a flux of talk—not a cataract, but a solid sustained, never-pausing rush of words; such a plenitude of emphasis; such a ranting of statistics, and spouting a page of Custom House returns with the air and accent and deportment of Constance or Lindamira at the least; such impassioned appeals on behalf of the grandeur and magnificence of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand dollars' worth of dry goods—all this was never before, in England at least, witnessed even on a platform. Miss Hardinge's "brilliant elocutionary abilities," as her New York admirers in their peculiar dialect phrase it, are certainly worth studying, and her ease and fluency are undoubtedly first-rate. As to her matter, why, there is not much to be said. A panegyric on America is by no means a novelty, even though it is announced that "it is God's America"—a mode of expression which leads up to speculations, which may possibly become profane, on the divine purposes and the mysterious designs of Providence. If, as Miss Hardinge repeatedly assured us, America has a divine mission, and is supernaturally directed to a fore-ordained purpose as an unconscious but paramount influence in the Almighty scheme, the thought suggests itself that in these latter days God selects very mysterious instruments indeed. *A priori*, we should hardly have thought that General Butler and Parson Brownlow and the *New York Herald* and Mr. Seward's correspondence and miscegenation had anything very divine about them. But Miss Hardinge knows more about the counsels and will of Heaven than we claim to do. With our own confessedly limited knowledge on this head, all that Miss Hardinge had to say about the glories and splendours and successes and size and destiny of America, sounded pretty much as a clever, but rather tiresome, set of variations on a very familiar *thema*:—

Boston is a fine town,  
So is Philadelphly.

We had heard all this before, but never had to swallow so much of it at a single gulp.

We may perhaps solve the difficulty to which we have just adverted. Perhaps this oration was of a tessellated and mixed character. The human element in it was the statistics, Mr. Horace Greeley, and American progress. But the peroration must have been, to use her own language, Inspirational. We should be sorry to attribute to anything so merely respectable as the human mind that grand and concluding burst of bombast in which, in the spirit, and on the Pilgrim's Rock, Miss Hardinge pictured the sun, or, as she called him, the Sun-God, marching in his strength and splendour from his first home in Central Asia, and writing with fiery finger on the luminous ether the solemn words, "Follow thou me"—which, being interpreted, means the Monroe doctrine, and that all nations of the earth are to listen to this great appeal of the solar system; while from everything in general, and nothing in particular, swells up the solemn chorus of Universal Nature calling in sounds of thunder, and the whispered breeze, "Westward Ho"! across the broad Atlantic, through the Empire State, over the boundless prairie, up the eternal Rocky Mountains, till, at the Golden Gate of San Francisco, and in the purple depths of the Sacramento, the eternal diapason sinks to a universal hymn—of Yankee Doodle. In all this Miss Hardinge must have recognised the present God. Mere human nature is too low (or too high?) for such "elocutionary grandeur" as this. The only drawback from it is that it slightly suggests the celebrated Pogram defiance "which defied the world in general to compete with our country upon any hook; and develop'd our internal resources for making war upon the universal airth." And the political ecliptick which Miss Hardinge traced by way of tag, and which brought the Hall down, has certainly been anticipated in the rather well-worn "Child of Natur and Child of Freedom, whose boastful answer to the Despot and the Tyrant is that his bright home is in the Settin Sun." Anyhow, for ourselves, we will humbly admit that on Saturday last we left St. James's Hall very much in the familiar attitude of the British Lion; "we put our tail between our legs, and howled with anguish," and we "guessed that we had now seen something of the eloquent aspect of the free hemisphere, and were chawed up pretty small."

#### DR. McNEILE ON PREACHING.

THE Evangelical clergy appear to restrict their desire for lay co-operation to assemblies in which they are afraid of otherwise not having everything their own way, since the composition of their annual meeting at Islington, last week, was as exclusively sacerdotal as the most rigid High Churchman could desire. As a reporter, however, was fortunately admitted, we think that the public at large have benefited by the absence of an unprofessional element. There is an engaging candour about some of the admissions which they could hardly have presented if they had been made to secular ears. It must need some courage, under any circumstances, to own that the party is decidedly in a bad way; but to do so in the presence of members of their respective congregations would have been an ordeal from which the boldest of the clerical order might excusably flinch. Nor would the frank allusions to one another's shortcomings, which were so freely indulged in, have been quite consistent with *esprit de corps* had they been ventured on in a less exclusive gathering. When "Evangelical friends to whom we have hitherto looked as the faithful and unflinching supporters of the truth" have to be told that they "combine their Evangelical teaching with a loose creed

and still looser practice," it is well to say this, at least in the first instance, before an audience fit as well as few. The general subject for discussion was how to restore Evangelical preaching to the position which it held during the latter part of the eighteenth century, and the post of honour was of course given to Dr. McNeile. In the programme, "Scepticism" had been assigned to him as his special department, but he wholly declined to confine himself within any given limits, and proceeded to favour the meeting with his views on the general question. There is some satisfaction in getting a definition of effective preaching from one who is so great a master of the art, and who at the same time is not prevented by any false modesty from holding up himself as an example. We may be quite sure that what Dr. McNeile says on this point is the result of careful self-analysis. His judgment of what a sermon ought to be is founded on an appreciative study of what his own sermons are.

First of all, then, we learn from this eminent authority that preaching "should be rather occasionally allusive than systematically argumentative." The meaning of the first half of this precept is perhaps a little hazy, but the reasons which Dr. McNeile gives for the second half of it seem to be absolutely unimpeachable. If you venture on an argumentative sermon, you run the risk of getting argumentative listeners, and the evil of this is, first, that "the speaker can take nothing for granted," and secondly, that, "if he makes a false step, he is sure to be tripped up." Dr. McNeile seems here to have thoroughly grasped the strength of his own style of oratory. Keep clear of argument, he says in effect, and you may assume anything you like, in the certainty that all your blunders will escape without detection. Avoid logical reasoning, or you may find it difficult to jump to your conclusions; and give syllogisms a wide berth, because they tend to the exposure of fallacies. These maxims must, we should think, have come home with painful force to most of Dr. McNeile's listeners, and we cannot but think he might have stopped here, without risking his character for orthodoxy by venturing upon a side-fling at miracles. "Suppose," he goes on, "that the argument is complete. What then? Have you done more than miracles could do? and see what miracles ever did." It is a melancholy symptom of the growth of rationalism when an Evangelical champion cannot be content with proving that arguments are a mistake, without endeavouring to strengthen his position by adding that they are no better than miracles. We can but hope, however, that all Dr. McNeile meant was that to find an argument in an Evangelical sermon would be equivalent to a miracle, and in this sense we are perfectly ready to accept his statement. The second characteristic by which Evangelical sermons ought to be distinguished is confidence. Conscious that he has not proved what he is saying, the preacher must take care to be all the more dogmatic in saying it. The reasonableness of this view is almost too obvious to need enforcing; but Dr. McNeile is not above being taught by an adversary, and he finds an argument for the "power of confidence" in the example of the Arch Enemy himself. He thinks "there is a majesty about the position which the present Pope has taken." He must know "that the last prop of his temporal power is being removed," and yet "he expresses unbounded reliance on the preservation of his chair." We have rarely met with a more candid avowal of the charm which self-assertion, so long as it be bold enough, has in the eyes of some men; but it is surely hardly wise to confess that such confidence is only subjective, and may be common to falsehood and truth alike. Suppose some rash sceptic were to inquire why Dr. McNeile's belief in his spiritual powers need be any more conclusive as to his possession of them than the Pope's belief in his temporal power. It is true that he adds, "If confidence in a great lie can be sublime, what is confidence in the Divine truth?" but we do not see how this is to keep him out of the dilemma. If Dr. McNeile's confidence and the Pope's are alike instances of "moral sublimity," may not the one be as ill-founded as the other? We pass over without comment the next point on which the speaker touched, because we confess it is altogether beyond our comprehension. Preaching, he tells us, must exhibit "combination in distinctness"; and this somewhat obscure formula is immediately rendered more obscure by the following "simple illustration," which "has the advantage of being derived from the Bible," though from what part of it is, with great judgment, left unspecified. "A vine and a grape are very different things; nothing can be more different. Yet see the combination. Is there a grape? There has been a vine. Is there a vine? There will be a grape." The assurance of this last statement furnishes most conclusive testimony to the excellence of Dr. McNeile's hothouse arrangements, but, unless it was introduced by way of compliment to his gardener, it is a little difficult to see the pertinence of the analogy.

Up to this stage we can imagine that these instructions may have been listened to with unquestioning reverence. Probably there were but few of the attendants at the Islington meeting who wished to be either argumentative or diffident, and the minority who still cherished some regard for reason and modesty could perhaps hear with tolerable equanimity Dr. McNeile's denunciation of both. But when the speaker came to touch upon the "habits of society," we can imagine that the consciences of some of his younger hearers may have grown a little uneasy. Dr. McNeile is able to bear witness—mainly, no doubt, from observation, partly, it may even be, from experience—that the Evangelical clergy "are sometimes entrapped into a gaiety and an easy lightness, and it may be frivolity of manner," which is extremely

injurious to their ministerial success. We cannot recall any instance within our personal knowledge of the "easy lightness" of demennour here stigmatized; and we are consequently inclined to suspect that Dr. McNeile's reproof is merely the offspring of a natural and perhaps unconscious jealousy at seeing some of his "younger brethren" more popular in the drawing-room than himself. And this seems the more probable, from the fact that one of the examples of conformity to the world which he singles out for reprobation is a taste for photography—a form of evil which has assumed its present proportions only since he himself has been growing old. He observes in the Evangelical clergy "an evident gusto and enjoyment in relation to such things," which "leaves a sad blot in the minds of the young people who see and watch us." If it is allowable even to hint at the harmless weakness of a great and good man, we should say that the real meaning of this tirade is that Dr. McNeile finds his curates' photographs more honoured than his own in the albums of the young ladies of his congregation. If so, he forgets that the curates are probably much more enthusiastic in seeking the likenesses of their flock in return; and the female heart will naturally value those most by whom it knows that it is valued in return. We hope, at all events, that the explanation we have suggested is the true one, because a general prohibition of photography would bear harder perhaps on the younger Evangelical clergy than on any other class. Even with the benefit of Dr. McNeile's suggestions and example, they cannot all be loud, self-confident, unreasoning declaimers; and if they feel a humble certainty that preaching is not their strong point, there is nothing left to them but a mild conversational success; and what aid is there so useful in this direction as a collection of photographs? The High Church curate is more fortunate in this respect. He may know that he is not powerful in the pulpit, and yet be happy in the double consciousness that some ritualistic young ladies are embroidering a stole for him, and that he will look very effective in it when it is done. But to his Evangelical brother vestments are as an unclean thing, and consequently outside the pulpit he finds no field open for his energies unless he goes outside the church also. Even music has its dangers, as tending to make men look without horror at the notion of a choral service, so that we see nothing for it but that he must give up society altogether. But before Dr. McNeile decides on promulgating a canon to this effect he will do well to take counsel with the female laity. He may depend upon it that with this important element of the Church a free circulation of curates is an essential article of faith, and if he attempts to fetter it he will find his authority at an end.

#### THE CATTLE PLAGUE.

NO one who has taken the trouble to make himself acquainted with the nature of the Cattle Plague, and with the histories of its previous invasions of this and other countries, will doubt for a moment the utter inadequacy of the measures adopted by the Government to arrest its progress. We now know that this is the most infectious of all the diseases which science has had to deal with. A diseased animal generates an atmosphere of contagion which he carries with him wherever he goes, and infects every other animal of the like genus to which he approaches. The contagion adheres with singular tenacity to all dead and living matter, which thus also becomes the means of propagating the poison. The sick brute poisons the shed which covers him and the road which he travels, be it highway or railroad. The attendant who seeks to mitigate his sufferings, or the knacker who comes to slay him, can alike convey from him to healthy animals the deadly poison. The dog or the fox that prowls by night, attracted by the smell of the slaughtered carcass, as well as the sheep that pasture quietly on the infected farm, can and do convey the infection. In infection the disease originated, and by infection alone is it now propagated. If the extension of the disease is to be prevented, such a result can only be obtained by destroying every particle of infection throughout the country. If less than this be done, the plague will remain amongst us for years to come, and cause an amount of misery from the contemplation of which the mind gladly turns away. Unfortunately, it is the habit of the pestilence, except it be stamped out, to remain long in the country which it assails. We are all now familiar with the fact that, on a former visitation of the disease, our country suffered for twelve years from its destructive influence. We find that, during the last century, it thrice visited Holland—first in 1713, when it remained until 1719; again in 1744, when it remained until 1756; and, lastly, when it lasted from 1763 to 1786. The disease prevails now again in Holland, and is likely to remain there, owing to the imperfect character of the means taken to check its progress; whilst, on the other hand, we see the spread of the disease coming from exactly the same source immediately arrested by the energetic measures adopted alike in the constitutional Kingdom of Belgium and in the despotic Empire adjoining. Surely our Government may find in these facts a warning and a precedent to guide them. Still they seem unable or unwilling to move.

We earnestly desire to know what amount of bovine destruction will rouse them to a comprehension of the extent of our calamity? Will the loss of 100,000 animals suffice? Such a number will represent the sacrifice of our first million in cash. A week or two will bring us to this point. We last week gave an estimate of our probable loss at eight millions sterling. Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth, who has paid much attention to this subject in refer-

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ence to cattle insurance, places our probable losses at fourteen millions sterling. How many of these millions must go before our *laissez faire* Government can be induced to undertake responsibility? For the present, they repudiate anything of the kind, and hand over to "local authorities" the duties which they themselves should undertake. The destruction of our herds affects the landlord as well as the farmer and farm-labourer; it affects the consumer as well as the producer. The destruction of our cattle is a national loss; the remedy is a national question, and no more fitted to be in the hands of "local authorities" than is the question of national taxation. The Courts of Quarter Sessions, the last constituted local authorities, are utterly unfitted for the duties thus cast upon them, nor are the powers given to them sufficient for the object in view. To be effective, all movement of cattle must be stopped, and the destruction of all infected matter must be complete. Anything short of this will be an idle waste of time, and will cause immense inconvenience without any equivalent advantage. The disease will remain. Cattle may now be sent by railway out of, or through, a magisterial district without reference to the magisterial authority. Thus, infected animals from Scotland may appear in the metropolitan market, having diffused the poison they have brought with them through the whole length of the land. Mayors and provosts may sanction markets or fairs in the very centre of districts from which magistrates, by their order, seek to prevent the ingress or egress of animals. Farmers may now move sheep and lambs, goats and swine, in all districts, provided they do not send them to fairs or markets.

The hides, the offal, and the dung of diseased animals are recognised as most powerful agents for the dissemination of the poison. The magistrates have no authority to prevent the one being sent to the tanner, or the other being conveyed wherever the farmer may think fit to have it carried. The stoppage of the movement of cattle is a profitless embarrassment to trade when such legal facilities for the propagation of infection are still suffered to exist. The regulations made by the several Courts of Quarter Sessions are of the most varied character. In one county the movements of cattle (except by railway) are rigidly stopped; in an adjoining county animals may be sent by road, even to markets or fairs. In looking over the proceedings of the several Courts of Quarter Sessions, one can scarcely find orders issued by any two of them alike, whilst there are constant appeals to Government to take upon itself duties for which these heterogeneously constituted bodies feel themselves unfitted. These views are pertinently expressed in the following resolution, unanimously agreed to at a meeting of the counties of Westmoreland and Cumberland, held at Penrith, a few days ago. The resolution contains, in a few words, the substance of opinions which have been repeatedly expressed at greater length at various county meetings and Quarter Sessions during the last few weeks, and is as follows:—

That this meeting, viewing with regret and apprehension the fact that while all isolated measures emanating from local authorities have hitherto proved insufficient and ineffectual for extinguishing or even retarding the progress of the cattle plague, is of opinion that the time has come when it should be urged on the Government to adopt a more bold and determined attitude by enacting one single authoritative, absolute, and general rule applicable to all Great Britain, prohibiting the movement of any cattle, &c., in any way, and on any pretext, off their own holdings, and, practically, to establish a dead meat-market till April 1, 1866, as affording the only substantial hope of exterminating the scourge, believing that this extreme measure must eventually be resorted to, and that the period from this date to the 1st of April (being previous to the grazing season) is obviously the one which will be attended with least loss and inconvenience in carrying out this restriction. That the Chairman is therefore requested, in the name of the meeting, to communicate these views to the Secretary of State, with the earnest request that Government may take immediate action in reference to them.

Admiral Elliott, who proposed this resolution, sees and clearly states that which is right, and which must eventually be done. When the Cattle-plague Commission recommended the stoppage of all movement of cattle, three months ago, very few people believed in the necessity for such a measure. That necessity is now almost universally acknowledged. The possibility of substituting dead-meat for live cattle markets was then doubted. Now, not only the possibility of carrying into operation such a measure, but its immense advantages, are everywhere admitted. The supply of dead meat to the metropolitan district, as the most thickly populated in the kingdom, might be supposed to be attended with the greatest difficulty. Yet we are told, on the authority of some of the most respectable London butchers, that there would be no real difficulty in the matter. Some of these London butchers in the largest business never slaughter cattle, but derive all their supplies through the dead-meat market; others derive a greater or less supply from the same source. The difficulties, if any, would be less in large provincial towns; and in several they have been already overcome. The butcher then would have little trouble in discovering where cattle suitable for his purpose existed, and the farmer would readily find the shed or other appliances necessary for slaughtering them. A little usage would soon lessen all inconvenience. It has been objected that the butcher might carry infection with him to the farm. Such an objection—and no other has been offered—shows how little can be said against the practice recommended. Very simple precautions, which every farmer and butcher could adopt, would remove all traces of danger of infection. It is difficult to estimate, on the other hand, the enormous benefit which would result from a change of system; the wretched animals would be relieved from the tortures of railway trucks. It is said that animals for the London markets

are often on the road for thirty and forty hours without food or drink, unable to lie down, jerked about when shunted at the various stations; battered, bruised, and exposed to the burning sun, or to the coldest wind and rain. The amount of torture thus inflicted may be estimated by the fact, that the London and North-Western railway carried, in the month of September last, 28,756 head of cattle, 2,080 calves, 25,307 pigs, 169,418 sheep. Driven subsequently, as these poor brutes are, through our crowded streets, sometimes for miles, frightened, fevered, and excited, it is certain that their flesh is less nutritious than that of animals killed on their pastures and sent properly packed to a dead-meat market. Moreover, each of these brutes brings with him some two or three hundredweight of offal, which would be preserved on the farmer's land, but which is a filthy abomination that must be carted through our streets, or sent into our sewers to render them still more poisonous than they need be.

We firmly believe that the Cattle Plague will lead to the widely-spread establishment of dead-meat markets, and that thus some benefit will result from this great misfortune. Neither would the railway interest, which has expressed such fears on the subject, suffer. The traffic of live stock causes infinitely more trouble, and more tear and wear of plant, than would the carriage of dead meat. The returns from the latter may, for a time, be less profitable; but if the Cattle Plague be permitted to continue its ravages, small, indeed, will become the railway traffic in either living cattle or dead meat.

The resolution which we have quoted refers to the necessity for bringing restrictive measures to a close before the 1st of April. The winter food will by that time begin to fail, the grass lands will be ready with their supplies of food for store stock, which must be moved to them, and if the disease be not ere then extinguished, we may anticipate its further diffusion and still greater destructiveness.

In discussing the subject of the Cattle Plague, there is one point to which we have not yet alluded—that of compensation, or of insurance. Compensation for animals slaughtered was the practice in this country in the Epizootic of 1745. Compensation is the universal practice on the Continent. The word compensation is repudiated by our Government. We think they have scarcely considered the subject with sufficient attention. Compensation from some source may be claimed on two very different grounds; first, a farmer may say that he has lost all his property by a new and unexpected visitation, over which he could exercise no control, and that the pestilence which had ruined him was admitted into the country in consequence of the default of the proper authorities. The reply of the Government is simple enough—that the best that could be done to ward off pestilence was done, and that the farmer must take his risk of misfortune, in common with the cotton spinners, or with any other trade open to contingencies. But, secondly, the farmer may say—It is true some of my cattle have died of this disease, for which I may admit I have no claim; but your authorities have thought fit (or may think fit) to slaughter my healthy stock, to prevent the spread of infection to my neighbour's; this destruction of my property is for the public benefit, and the public ought, from some fund or other, to remunerate me for my loss." This argument is an unanswerable one. The farmer may find still further confirmation of his claims in the fact that the spread of the pestilence is due to the feeble and inadequate means adopted by the Government for its suppression.

The question of insurance, as distinguished from compensation, has also been much discussed; various plans have been suggested on the subject. Sir J. Kay Shuttleworth has proposed a scheme, and pressed it on the attention of the Government; so have other gentlemen; but the Government repudiate responsibility here, as they have already done in the adoption of measures for checking the progress of the pestilence, and they refer the question to local organization. As Quarter Sessions are unequal to the duty of stamping out the disease, so are local associations incompetent and unable to constitute insurance societies. Thus the subject seems to stand still, at least until the meeting of Parliament, when Sir George Grey says the Government will "be prepared to ask the sanction of Parliament to a Bill authorizing, under certain conditions, the advance of money from the public funds by way of loan upon adequate security to county or other local associations, with a view to spread the charge in respect of losses from the Cattle Plague over a short term of years, in cases where the amount of such loss has been considerable."

Whilst thus regarding the feeble efforts of a feeble Government doing nothing, and the struggles of magistrates and farmers against misfortunes which they have not the power to control, it is pleasant to find some people who have discovered a successful method of helping themselves, and this we find in the proceedings of "the Aberdeenshire Rinderpest Association." This Association consists of all proprietors and tenants within the county who pay an assessment of one penny per pound on their rentals. The liability is strictly limited to the amount contributed. The affairs of the Society are managed by a central committee, which is despotic, and by parochial sub-committees. The objects of the Association are to prevent, if possible, by rigid watchfulness the entrance of the disease into the county; and when it does enter, to stamp it out on precisely the Continental model. Members receive two-thirds of the value of their animals which die of the disease, and three-fourths of the value of those slaughtered healthy. Seven times has the disease invaded the county from surrounding districts, and each time it has been successfully stamped out. Less than four hundred animals have died of the disease, or

been slaughtered healthy. The total loss has been about 3,000*l.*, and the owners have received in compensation 2,300*l.* In the absence of Government assistance, we would gladly see every county in England able to follow the example of the business-like men of Aberdeenshire.

## REVIEWS.

## THYNNE ON CHAUCER.\*

THE Early English Text Society seems to be stretching its tether to the utmost limit when it publishes a work of quite the end of the sixteenth century. We suppose, however, that its claim to a place in the series is not because it is by Francis Thynne, but because it is about Geoffrey Chaucer. Thynne writes in the grand style of his age—a style very different from the plain English either of Bishop Godwin or of the Old Testament. But the grand style of the sixteenth century, if set free from the lawless spelling of the time, is, in point of language, perfectly intelligible now. We may criticize the composition as a composition, but it is not a philological study or a philological puzzle, like a writing a hundred and fifty years older. But as Chaucer comes without doubt within the proper sphere of the Society, we suppose that a pardonable stretch of interpretation will allow him to bring his Elizabethan commentator with him. The tract in truth is a review, and a pretty sharp review, of what in 1599 was the latest edition of Chaucer. But reviews then were thrown into a very different shape from any which they take now. People still write letters, sometimes to their friends, sometimes to their enemies, and send them forth to the world as printed pamphlets. But we doubt whether anybody nowadays writes a letter to one man, and then sends it forth with a dedication to another. But Francis Thynne's way of criticizing Thomas Speight's edition of Chaucer was to write a letter to Speight, which, under the guise of the most friendly professions, was a most caustic review of Speight's work, and then to send it as a new year's gift to Lord Keeper Egerton, with a second letter by way of dedication to his Lordship. We suppose this was all right and proper, as Speight seems not to have been permanently angry, and he and Thynne helped one another in later labours on their favourite author. Speight, at all events, showed himself to be a good Christian and a sensible man, and we commend his example to the imitation of a good many thin-skinned authors of our own time.

Francis Thynne was a member of the Heralds' College, and became Lancaster Herald in 1602. He was born about 1550, and his zeal for Chaucer was hereditary; his father, William Thynne, Clerk of the Kitchen to Henry the Eighth, and a personal favourite of that King, having been an editor of the poet before Speight. The editor plunges deep into the genealogy of the Thynne family, which he tells us is a branch of the Botfelds or De Botfeldes (or two or three other spellings), the Botfelds or De Botfeldes being something very splendid indeed. We are amused at the following bit, which we recommend to the inventor of the pedigree of Coulthardus:—

This family was originally known as the "De Botfelds," but in the 15th century one branch adopted the more humble name of "Thynne," or "of the Inn." Why the latter name was first assumed has never been satisfactorily explained. It can hardly be supposed that "John de la Inne de Botfelde," as he signed himself, kept a veritable hostelry and sold ale and provender to the travellers between Ludlow and Shrewsbury, and most probably the term Inn was used in the sense which has given us "Lincoln's Inn," "Gray's Inn," or "Furnival's Inn," merely meaning a place of residence of the higher class, though in this case inverted, the Inn giving its name to its owner.

As a genealogical editor thinks it necessary to argue that John o'th'Inn did not sell ale and provender, we think it most likely that he did. Our only difficulty is one which comes directly within the scope of the Early English Text Society. Was the word *Inn* used in the sense of *hostelry* or *cumena hūs*, so early as the fifteenth century? Anyhow the Thynnes have prospered, having grown into Marquises; and Longleat is a reality, whatever may have been the calling of John o'th'Inn, and whatever may be the value of the pedigree of the De Botfeldes.

William Thynne was a diligent student of Chaucer and collector of manuscripts of his works, and it was no doubt a certain feeling of jealousy against an editor who might possibly supplant his father which led his loyal son to show up Speight's work in this way. He was a friend of Erasmus and a patron of Skelton, and altogether must have filled a much higher position than the words "Clerk of the Kitchen" suggest to modern ears. When he died, he and his wife were buried in the Church of All Hallows Barking. There, we are told, they have two handsome brasses, which were "restored"—whatever that means—by the late Marquis of Bath. But as All Hallows Barking is the one church in England from which antiquaries are shut out by the awful mandate of a "vestry clerk," we suppose that none but the fortunate parishioners have any chance of judging either of the beauty of the brasses or of the accuracy of the "restoration."

Francis Thynne seems to have been cut out by nature for a herald, and to have spent his whole life in such studies as became his calling. It does not appear that he either invented pedigrees

himself or inserted pedigrees invented by others in works laying claim to genealogical accuracy. But then, though modern usage is against us, these are just the things which we think do not become the calling of a herald. Francis Thynne seems to have occupied himself in all sorts of antiquarian researches, not confining himself to his own so-called science, but venturing into various fields, historical, legal, and literary. His editor gives us a list of his works, most of which are still in manuscript. The subjects of many of them, if treated with the ponderous learning and in the ponderous style of that age, are not very inviting. For it is not likely that many of them would be enlivened by those personal feelings which give no small amount of real point and sharpness to Thynne's criticisms of the unlucky editor of Chaucer. We cannot however help fancying that, if Francis Thynne were still in the flesh, he would find a crow or two to pick with his own editor, as well as with the editor of Chaucer. It must be owned that with Dr. Kingsley quite a new spirit has come over the publications of the Early English Text Society. Hitherto such prefaces and commentaries as the editors have given us have been eminently sober and to the point. Not one of them hitherto has made the least attempt in the comic line. But Dr. Kingsley seems to despise such small matters as soberness and accuracy. Through his whole preface he shows a vein of somewhat ponderous friskiness, which surely is quite out of place in so grave a business as editing Early English Texts. We do not remember Mr. Furnivall ever quoting Mr. Pecksniff, or Mr. Morris getting merry about "literary moles." And Dr. Kingsley's fellow-workers can at all events read and understand what they undertake to edit. Dr. Kingsley, however, displays what somebody calls an "alacrity in blundering" worthy of Mr. Froude himself. Indeed Dr. Kingsley's style of blundering is singularly like Mr. Froude's. Both of them are eminently unlucky when they get among Bishops, especially Bishops who have the privilege or misfortune to hold two sees or a see with a double title. As Mr. Froude floundered helplessly about between Gloucester and Worcester when the two sees were held together by Hooper, so Dr. Kingsley is fairly upset by titles so familiar to most people as Bath and Wells and Coventry and Lichfield. Thynne, as became, or did not become, one whose house "came in" "when the Abbot" of Glastonbury "went out," wrote two or three treatises on the ecclesiastical antiquities of Somersetshire. Dr. Kingsley quotes their names thus:—

Collections out of Domus Regni Anglie. Nomina Episcoporum in Somerset, Nomina Saxonica de Donatoribus a Regibus Eadfrido, Eadgaro et Edwardo, Catalogus Episcoporum, Barton and Wells. A book of collections and commentaries de historia et Rebus Britannicis.

Dr. Kingsley, who jumbles Latin and English together in a strange way, seems to have thought, if he thought at all, that Thynne wrote lives of two Bishops named Barton and Wells. Now nothing can be plainer than that "Nomina Saxonica" is one treatise and "Catalogus Episcoporum" another, and therefore that there should be a full stop at "Edwardo." We suspect that Thynne, who wrote "*Eadfrido*" and "*Eadgaro*," also wrote "*Eadwardo*," and that Dr. Kingsley could not understand the ancient form. Nothing again can be plainer than that Thynne wrote, not such gibberish as "Episcoporum, Barton and Wells," but "Episcoporum Bathon. et Wells." So in the text itself, p. 12, Dr. Kingsley finds Coventry as mysterious a city as Bath. Thynne quotes a document in which occur the words, as Dr. Kingsley prints them, "Roger coventry de Lichefeld episcopo." We do not know how Dr. Kingsley understood the *de*; perhaps he thought it was a form of respect, like "J. P., Esq., &c. &c." on the back of a letter. But it is clear that he thought, if he thought at all, that Thynne was talking, not of Roger [Northborough] Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield, but of a Roger Coventry, Bishop of Lichfield. So again, as Thynne quotes Hebrew in the original character, we infer that he could read and write that character, and that neither he nor Willielmus Postellus, whom he quotes, wrote "באל noel, sonat deus noster, sine Deus noster advenit" but נאל (perhaps with some remembrance of עמנואל), which makes some approach to the sound and the meaning. So, again, Dr. Kingsley is wonderfully unlucky with our old friend the letter *Thorn*, about which some of his brethren have discoursed so cunningly. Most people find it hard to get any printer to print it; they will always change *p* into *þ*. But Dr. Kingsley plants his whole text with *Thorns*, seemingly putting in the mysterious letter wherever he found anything that he could not read. Thus, just after the Hebrew bit, we come to the familiar monogram XPI in some of its many varieties. Of this Dr. Kingsley could make nothing, and so wrote it "Xpi," adding between brackets (for we suppose it is due to Dr. Kingsley and not to Thynne) *Christi*, as if anybody but himself could be ignorant of the meaning. So again, in p. 50, Thynne got into a discussion about Mercia or Mercenryke, and wrote thus:—

In saxon Mercenryke . . . is the kingdom of Mercia . . . for pýk in the saxon tongue signifyethe a kingdom; mepcen signifyethe the markes or boundes or marches of Countreys.

Thynne wrote his Old-English in the hand which is just happily gone out of fashion, and wrote *p* for *r*. Dr. Kingsley could make nothing of Thynne's *p* and thrust in his *Thorns* again, doubtless thinking them a very lucky hit. So in his text we read Mercenryke, pýk, and mepcen, the *r* being consistently turned into *th*, *Metheenthijke*, where the author wrote *Mercenryke*. Of course we shall be told that all these things are trifles, most likely

\* *Animadversions upon the Annotations and corrections of some imperfections of impressions of Chaucer's works [sett down before tyme and nowe] reprinted in the yere of our Lorde 1598. Sett downe by Francis Thynne. Edited by G. H. Kingsley, M.D. London: Trübner & Co. 1865.*

misprints, and that he can print what same *cras* except built out off a l

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\* English la Hurst & Bla



misprints. We answer that accuracy and inaccuracy are not trifles, and that an editor of a philological work, who is either so ignorant that he cannot read his text, or so careless that he lets pass misprints which turn that text into nonsense, displays exactly the same *crassa ignorantia* as an architect who can do everything except build a house, or a surgeon who can do everything except cut off a leg.

We have tarried so long with the editor that we have less space left than we could wish for the author, but we conceive that we are, after all, paying Thynne the highest compliment by walking in his steps and by doing on his behalf the same good work which he did on behalf of Chaucer. Thynne goes through the whole of Speight's book, disputing against him as to the origin of Chaucer's name and family (some information about which might be found in a quarter which Dr. Kingsley, for we are sure it is not Francis Thynne, describes as "in Dorso Rolulor patent"); defending the honour of his armorial bearings; setting Speight right about the history of Edward and Philippa; convicting Speight of misquoting Gower; explaining the history of John of Gaunt and Michael de la Pole; correcting Speight as to the origin of printing, and proving him to be no "good Saxoniste, French, and Italyane linguiste;" explaining the difference between bizants and "ducketts," and the meaning of a whole multitude of words which Speight is charged with misunderstanding; treating of the legend of Saint Kenelm and the meaning of the name Mercia; and, with professional zeal, carefully guarding against any confusion between "Harolde" and "Harlottes," even in the wider sense of that word in which it is equivalent to "Ribalds," "evile or wicked persons" of either sex. Most of this might have come into a modern review at the hands of a somewhat discursive reviewer, but the personal expostulation with which Thynne begins could find no place in the writings of any "Sir we" of us all—

The Industrie and Love [Master Speight] whiche you have used, and beare, upon and to oure famous poet Gefrey Chaucer, deserueth bothe commendatione and furtherance: the one to recompense your traunye, the other to accomplysh the dutye, whiche we all beare [or at the least yf we reuerence lernynge or regarde the honor of oure Countrye, sholde beare] to suche a singular orname[n]te of oure tonge, as the workes of Chaucer are: Yet since there is nothinge so fullye perfected, by anye one, wherene some imperfectione maye not bee founde, [for as the proverbe is Bernardus, or as others have Alanus, non videt omnia.] you must be contented to gyve me leave in discharge of the dutye and love whiche I beare to Chaucer, [whome I suppose I have as great intereste to adorne with mye smale skyll as anye other hath, in regarde that the laborious care of my father made hym most acceptable to the worlde in correctinge and augmentinge his workes,] to enter into the examinatione of this newe editione, and that the rather, because you with *Horace* his verse "*si quid novisti rectius istis, candidus imperti*," have willed all others to further the same, and to accepte your labors in good parte, whiche as I most willinglye doo, so meaninge but well to the worke, I ame to lett you understande my conceyte thereof, whiche before this, yf you wolde have vouchsafed my house, or have thoughte me worthy to have byn acquainted with these matters, [whiche you might well have donne without anye whatsoever disparagement to yourselfe,] you sholde have understoode before the impressiōe, although this whiche I here write ys not nowe upon selfe will or found conceyte to wrangle for one asses shadowe, or to seke a knott in a rushe, but in frendlye sorte to bringe truthe to lighte, a thinge whiche I wolde desire others to use towards mee in whatsoever shall fall oute of my penne. Wherefore I will here shewe such thinges as, in mye opyniōe, maye seme to be touched, not medlinge with the seconde editione to one inferior personne then my fathers editione was.

We are curious to know whether the marginal analysis of the text is genuine Thynne or only genuine Kingsley. The spelling is old, but now and then the tone is modern, and in at least one place the analyst misunderstands his text in a way which we feel sure that Thynne would not have done. He quotes from Matthew Paris the account of the ducal coronation of John, presently to be King John, in 1199. This ceremony he calls "the creatinge of John erle Mortone, duke of Normandye." By this expression, which is perfectly accurate, Thynne meant that John, before only "Erle Mortone" (Count of Mortain), was raised by this ceremony to the rank of Duke of Normandy. But the analyst clearly did not understand this, for he puts, "The knightinge of Erle Mortone of Normandye." Thynne could not have written such nonsense; why then does Dr. Kingsley thus try to bamboozle us with an affectation of old spelling? On the whole an editor would be better employed in learning to read and understand his author, than in cracking jokes of this sort:—

It is a little curious that the word "orfrayes," which had gone so far out of date as to be unintelligible to Master Speight, should, thanks to the new rage for church and clergy decoration, have become reasonably common again.

Dr. Kingsley seems to be more learned in "Church and clergy decoration" than we are, as we should be hard put to if called on to decorate either church or clergyman with "orfrayes." But what business on earth has a sarcastic allusion to a small ecclesiastical controversy in the publications of so grave and discreet a body as the Early English Text Society?

#### ENGLISH TRAVELLERS AND ITALIAN BRIGANDS.\*

A BRANCH of industry is still carried on in Southern Italy which has been extinct for many years in most civilized countries; or, as we should rather say, a trade which, in a more refined form, is universally recognised, flourishes there in its most rudimentary state. There are districts where agricultural implements have not been altered for many centuries, and it is not

strange that the modes of pursuing certain occupations should in them remain as stationary as their ploughs. Amongst the other harvests which are reaped by the natives of Italy, one of the most certain and profitable is that derived from foreign visitors; the annual crowds are directed across their plains as certainly as the annual shoals of herrings approach the English coast. It is now supposed, however, that by reckless fishing even the quantity of herrings may be perceptibly diminished; and it is certain that unfair modes of entrapping unwary visitors will gradually tell upon their numbers. For this reason, poaching is put down by the law in most countries to which the stream of tourists is attracted, just as too destructive engines are prohibited in the case of salmon; and the task of turning the strangers to the best account is committed to innkeepers, who are permitted to practise only the lawful means of extortion. In Southern Italy the more wasteful method still survives. The traveller is employed for the legitimate purpose of enriching the native population, but he is handled somewhat too roughly in the process. Mr. Moens, the last Englishman who has been subjected to it, gives us some idea of the objections to what, at first sight, might seem merely a rather summary way of attaining the common end of all innkeepers—that of transferring other people's money to their own pockets. The persons immediately interested are the traveller, the brigands, and the peasantry. Of the three, the peasantry decidedly have the best of it. According to Mr. Moens, they get at least four-fifths of the ransoms extorted from prisoners, by charging exorbitant sums for provisions supplied to the brigands. The peasants can always demand large prices, and insist upon being paid beforehand, for the brigands are entirely dependent upon their goodwill for a chance of escaping the troops. The relations between the two are, in fact, something like those between the Chinese fisherman and his cormorant. The bird, like the brigand, is let loose to gorge his prey, but as soon as he has swallowed it, he is compelled to return all the best part to his proprietor, who avoids all the personal risks of the pursuit. This arrangement explains the old stories of Robin Hood robbing the rich to give to the poor. It was not a proof of generosity, but simply an essential part of every system of brigandage. The peasantry thus receive from travellers what, in the days of innkeeping, comes to them by more circuitous routes. The institution of inns enables them to substitute an equitable pressure for alternate fits of robbery on the one hand, and of hospitality on the other. The vice and the virtue are both superseded in favour of the ordinary trade arrangements. Of the peasantry, however, Mr. Moens is able to tell us comparatively little. He was kept carefully out of view, like a smuggled bale of goods, that he might not compromise them; and during three months of captivity he only once or twice saw an honest man—if, indeed, a man can be called honest who lives by supplying brigands.

Of the brigands, on the contrary, we have the fullest details. And here it is that the weak point of the system begins to show itself. Not, indeed, that there was much to complain of in their behaviour. Beyond threatening his life, more in jest than earnest, and discussing in downright earnest the propriety of cutting off his ears, they do not seem to have been badly inclined. Of three who formed his special body-guard, two were fairly goodnatured. They all seem to have been very fond of a small joke, much as an Alpine guide is always enchanted at the smallest witticism of his traveller. They were evidently tickled when Mr. Moens threatened to thrash one of them for digging him in the ribs with his gun, and they treated him the better ever afterwards. It is indeed creditable to Mr. Moens' temper and courage that he managed to put himself on such good terms with his captors as to show all the ordinary symptoms of a good understanding between a traveller and companions of inferior rank; and we have no doubt that, had circumstances been more favourable, Mr. Moens might have passed a very pleasant time in the mountains. But here, as we have said, we discover the flaw in the machinery. The Government thinks that the brigands must be put down; and the effort to do so, like some efforts to suppress gambling, drinking, and other vices, only makes the evil worse. Every step that was taken by the authorities seems to have injured the position of the captive, except their declaration that they would not pay his ransom, which naturally caused the ransom to be lowered. Thus the English Government, with most praiseworthy spirit, sent a 16-gun ship to effect a rescue. The English ship was, if anything, less able than the Italian troops to follow the brigands to the summits of extremely precipitous mountains, especially as they were a good many miles inland; but it succeeded in impressing the brigands with the belief that Mr. Moens possessed a ship of war of his own, and would not be particular to a few thousand ducats. There was, indeed, some plan for inducing the brigands to migrate to happier countries in the ship; and though we don't quite see why they should give up a safe and profitable profession, they did, it seems, once propose to Mr. Moens that he should take command of them in an expedition to California or Australia. Now it had been arranged by the Italian troops that, in case of an attempt to communicate with the ship, they should be seized in spite of any safe conduct, in which case they would have relieved their feelings by at once killing Mr. Moens, as a retaliation for the bad faith. This man-of-war scheme, therefore, so promising at first sight, was only calculated to add to the captive's embarrassment. The action of the Italian troops was even more annoying. They declared that the brigands should not have the ransom, and, in fact, proposed to shoot any one who should be found conveying money to them—a decision which considerably prolonged Mr. Moens'

\* *English Travellers and Italian Brigands*. By W. J. C. Moens. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1866.

stay in the mountains. Moreover, although they failed to catch the brigands, they were constantly upon their track; they kept them "moving on" with admirable zeal; they were seen every now and then within a few yards of the places where the band was hid. On two occasions during Mr. Moens' captivity they even had skirmishes, in one of which Mr. Moens, as the tallest man of the party, was specially aimed at by the soldiers. The troops, apparently, would have been as much gratified by recovering Mr. Moens dead as alive; and the brigands were quite determined that they should not have him alive. These results of the spirited action of the Government were vexatious enough, but the worst result seems to have been the bad treatment to which Mr. Moens was necessarily consigned. In the first place, he had habitually to sleep upon the bare ground; and although in Naples this might not be a great hardship, it was a different thing in the rainy, windy mountain ridges to the east. Then the brigands had a natural fancy for establishing their camp on the top of some mountain from which there was a good look-out; and, pleasant as this might be from a picturesque point of view, it is a well-established fact that no man living in one shirt for three months upon raw scraps of sheep's inside, bad bread, and little water, is very sensible to the beauties of nature. Thus we find that at one time he was exposed for six days of bad weather on the top of a mountain, and nearly killed by diarrhoea. Shortly afterwards he was so nearly starved as to beg for some raw fat, three weeks old, which his gaolers kept for greasing their boots. Half a sheep being brought up shortly afterwards, the brigands ate nearly the whole of it, and gave him nothing but a scraped leg bone, perfectly raw, which formed all his provisions for the next two days. This apparent cruelty is to be partly excused by the fact that the brigands themselves were very badly off for food, as it seems to have been their practice, when tolerably supplied, to give the same share to the captives as to one of themselves. At another time he was kept without water for three days, which at the beginning of an Italian August was no trifle. When to this we add that he was seldom or never allowed to wash, that he had no change of dress, and was naturally covered in consequence with vermin, it must be admitted that the hardships of a brigand's life under the present system are considerable.

It is plain, in fact, that there are only two ways of treating the question. If the restraints were taken off which now only serve to increase the hardships endured by the prisoners, brigandage might be softened into a more refined system. Suppose, for example, a joint-stock company, such as are now formed to manage hotels, were started in England to carry out the necessary arrangements. The information which they would naturally possess would enable them to assess the ransom far more fairly than is practicable at present, and to avoid all that haggling and persecution and ear-cutting which are the most disagreeable parts of brigandage. It would be easy to ascertain the average price which a bishop or a commercial traveller would fix upon his ears or life, and to adjust the tariff accordingly. Comfortable lodgings and regular rations might be substituted for the bare ground and sheep's windpipes of which Mr. Moens complains so bitterly, and, in their own interest, the company would not overwork the system so far as to discourage travel. If this plan is objectionable, the only other way is to suppress brigandage entirely by enlisting against it the interests of its present supporters. It is very plain, from Mr. Moens' account, that brigandage is kept on its legs simply because the country supports it. The troops might occasionally pin the brigands into a corner, but so long as the people were friendly they would always find some back way by which to creep out. Moreover, the country supports the brigands, not from any political spirit, but because the system pays. One of the brigands, indeed, appeared to have an old commission purporting to come from Francis II., and they professed a certain preference for him over Victor Emmanuel. The only effect, however, of an absurd belief that Mr. Moens was a Bourbonist was the usual one—a disposition to raise his ransom. In short, the political tinge seems to be barely perceptible. And, if the villages were compelled to pay the ransom of those taken within their limits, there seems no reason to doubt that they would break off the connection.

Of the literary merits of Mr. Moens' work there is not much to be said. It clearly ought to have been in one volume instead of two, and we are disposed to think that Mrs. Moens' contributions might have been omitted. They lengthen the book—already too long—and interrupt the narrative. The story, however, is sufficiently interesting, and is well enough told, to be distinctly worth reading. We would only suggest that there would have been a much more dramatic conclusion had Mr. Moens taken advantage of his chance of shooting two of his captors, and escaping; besides the satisfaction which would have ultimately accrued from ridding the world of a couple of bloodthirsty ruffians.

#### MEDD-EL-KAMOOS.\*

CURZON tells us how the traveller in the streets of Cairo at once distinguishes the wiry active form of the true Bedouin as he stalks along armed to the teeth, carrying all his desert independence into the city with him; and the Arabian Empire played a very similar part as it roughly forced its way among the decorous potentates of Europe and Asia. The first century of the Hegira carried the Arab arms to the furthest limits of Spain on the one hand, and Transoxiana on the other—a

gigantic crescent of territory which stretched round the south and east of Christendom; and even when the fervour of conquest had ceased, Arab enterprise became almost equally conspicuous in the exploits of commerce and travel. Eastern commerce had been entirely changed by Alexandria becoming a Mohammedan city, and Basra had risen to rival it in the Persian Gulf; and during the middle ages it is generally some Arabian merchant who gives us glimpses into the unknown lands of India or China. The Arab element, which had remained so long secluded from the world (unabsorbed, indeed, by the neighbouring empires, but still without any influence on other nations), now suddenly became one of the most conspicuous features in mediæval civilization; and for a time Bagdad and Cordova seemed to have stepped into the place left vacant by Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria.

But when we turn to Arabic literature we find ourselves suddenly at fault. The wild enthusiasm which made half the known world Mohammedan, and which has stamped something of the Arab temperament in the character of every Moslem, has left hardly a trace in Arabian poetry. The fire and passion which we naturally look for in the songs of such an impetuous race, when placed in such a stirring epoch, evaporate into icy rhetoric, and, instead of burning words, we have only the most elaborate conceits expressed in the most artificial language. It is as though Leonidas or Cato the Censor could only speak in the polished drawl of Agathon or Mæcenas. A few of the poets who lived before the birth of Mohammed, or in the succeeding half century, breathe the air of the desert; but most of the later poets have hardly a trace of real unaffected nature. Their poems are not even hot-house plants, they are artificial wax-flowers. The poet, in fact, was lost in the grammarian, and everything was sacrificed to the external form.

The great cause of this extraordinary poverty of the Arab imagination in the higher paths of art is generally found in the sudden corruption which was brought about in the language by the rapid conquest of so large an empire. The Arabs had long been intensely jealous of their supposed perfect language, the hereditary glory of their race; and this feeling was naturally heightened by their reverence for the Koran, which, with its elliptical style and old forms of speech, required a peculiar study of its own. A great effort was therefore made to resist the threatened contamination, and to preserve "the chaste language" in its pristine purity. Of course the revolution in the colloquial dialects could not be stopped; the force of circumstances imperiously swept away all the barriers of the grammarians in common life; but they could still maintain their sway in books—a literary Court of St. Germain's. The written language became a pedantic unreality, just like the later Greek epics (as Quintus Smyrnaeus' "Post-homerica" in the old Homeric dialect; but the grammarians had their will; every phrase was classical, every word was pure, though poetry gasped and died in the tight-lacing to which it was subjected. This taste for "chaste language" became universal in the Arabian world; and perhaps we cannot illustrate it better than by referring to the "Makamat of Hariri," which Rückert has so admirably translated into German. There we have in fifty chapters the adventures of a professor of rhetoric, one Abū Zaid, who wanders about from city to city to display his talents and cheat his listeners. The supposed narrator is a merchant, who, wherever he goes in his various wanderings, is sure to meet his eloquent friend, just as Mr. Borrow, in his *Bible in Spain*, used to meet Benedict Moll. Everywhere the professor displays the same unrivalled command of the purest Arabic dialect; he performs the most astonishing feats as an improvisator, and composes extempore verses in the most difficult measures and rhymes, and under the most arbitrary conditions. Everywhere the audience are enraptured with the purity of the style, and are only too ready to forgive his roguery for his diction. Grammar and rhetoric, in fact, were the favourite studies; language was cultivated as an end in itself; and of course such "literary knight-errants" as Abū Zaid were the heroes of their day.

One of the consequences of this state of things was an excessive devotion to lexicography. The Arabs who had settled in towns seemed to turn to the desert as if the memory of their old home was a spell; every word that was spoken there was precious, every word connected with foreign sojourn was impure and barbarous. Hence a great division was made in their literature between what was called classical and post-classical. The former included the Koran, the traditions of Mohammed, and a large collection of early poetry; these alone were considered classical, and theirs alone was called "the language." Mr. Lane, in his preface, gives a curious account of the rules of gradation by which the respective degrees of authority were fixed:—

It was decided by common consent that no poet nor any other person should be taken as an absolute and unquestionable authority with respect to the words or their significations, unless he were one who had died before the promulgation of the *El-Islām*, or who had lived partly before and partly after that event, or (as they term it) unless he were a "jahilī" [one in the time of ignorance], or a "Mukhadram" [a man with the tip of his ear cut, or half a Pagan and half a Mohammedan]. A poet of the next class is termed an *Islāmī*, and as the corruption of the language had become considerable in his time, even among those who aimed at chasteness of speech, he is not cited as an authority absolutely and unquestionably like the two preceding classes. A poet of the next class, which is the last, is termed a *Muwalled* [newfangled]; he is absolutely post-classical, and is cited as an unquestionable authority with respect only to the rhetorical sciences. The classical age may be correctly defined as having nearly ended with the first century.

But besides these original sources from which Arabic lexicons were compiled, another consisted in the phrases and single words

\* *Medd-el-Kamooos*: an Arabic-English Lexicon, derived from the best and most copious Eastern Sources. By Edward William Lane. Book I. Parts I. and II. London: Williams & Norgate. 1865.



used by those later Arabs of the desert who were believed to have retained the pure language of their ancestors. Certain tribes were considered to speak with peculiar purity, and for another century or two their authority was allowed, until at last the corrupt colloquial dialect infected even the desert itself, and "the chaste language" had to fly like Astrea. It is amusing to read of the degrees of credit which these words, thus recovered, were allowed to hold. Foremost were those which were transmitted by such a number of persons as could not be supposed to have agreed to a falsehood; then those which were transmitted by several of the lexicologists; then those by only one; and lastly, words known to be spoken only by one Arab!

It will thus be seen that no nation has more thoroughly applied itself to lexicography than the Arabs. "Most of the contents of the best early Arabic lexicons was committed to writing, or to the memories of students, in the latter half of the second century of the Flight." Mr. Lane mentions some thirty of the most celebrated. The earliest is the Eyn of El Khaleel, who died about A.H. 170; but the best are the Sihâh of El Jowharee, who died A.H. 398; the Lisân el Arab of Ibn Mukarram, who died A.H. 711; the Kâmoos of El Ferozâbâdee, who died A.H. 816; and the Tâj el Aroos by a Seyyid, who died in Cairo in 1791. It is more especially this last work that has furnished Mr. Lane with those unequalled materials which will render the publication of his own Dictionary an era in the European study of the Semitic languages.

The only complete copy of this gigantic *thesaurus* now known to exist is the copy in the Library of the Mosque of Mohammed Bey, in Cairo, in eight thick full-paged folio volumes; but Mr. Lane had access to two or three fragments of other copies. The author had carefully compiled it from the works of his predecessors; and the Kâmoos, which has been hitherto the sheet-anchor of European scholars, forms only a seventh part of this later Lexicon. The task of its transcription and translation has only just been undertaken in time:—

The copy of Mohammed Bey will probably in a few years be in many places illegible, for the ink with which it is written is of a corrosive nature, and has already in those parts eaten through the paper, though hitherto not to such an extent as to present any difficulty to the reader, or rather I should say that such was the case just before my own copy was made; for, while I was translating from portions of it, small pieces often dropped out from among its leaves, in spite of my utmost care.

The following extract will be read with interest, as it gives a graphic account of the toil which the work has involved; for, beside the huge tomes of the Seyyid, all the older lexicons had to be carefully compared as far as the libraries of Cairo could furnish copies:—

Nearly twenty years have now elapsed since I commenced this work. Had I foreseen that the whole labour of the composition must fall upon me, or the project be abandoned, and had I also foreseen the length of time that it would require of me unaided, I should certainly not have had the courage to undertake it. . . . For seven years, in Cairo, I prosecuted my task on each of the work-days of the week, after an early breakfast, until within an hour of midnight, with few and short intervals of rest (often with no interruption but that of a few minutes at a time for a meal, and half an hour for exercise), except on rare occasions when I was stopped by illness; and once when I devoted three days to a last visit to the Pyramids; I seldom allowed myself to receive a visitor except on Fridays, the Sabbath and leisure day of the Moslems; and more than once I passed a quarter of a year without going out of my house.

It was, of course, indispensable to the success of his undertaking that he should not offend the Mussulman inhabitants of Cairo, as the materials for his work were only to be found in the libraries of their mosques; and he therefore had to make his "place of residence to be as far as possible from the quarters frequented by Franks, and to conform with such of the general usages of the Moslems as did not involve a profession of their religion." Even with all his precautions he did not escape suspicion; and even the Pasha Mohammed Ali could not force the authorities of a mosque to lend a MS. unless they chose. As it was, he was only allowed to receive small portions of the MSS. as they were required; and he never saw the entire copy of the *Tâj el Aroos* at one time.

The work is to fill two large closely-printed volumes. It will consist of two books—the first containing all the classical words and significations commonly known to the learned among the Arabs; the second, those that are of rare occurrence, and not commonly known. The work is dedicated to the late Duke of Northumberland, by whose munificent aid the project was undertaken and accomplished; and his widow, the Duchess, now carries out his intentions.

As to the Lexicon itself, there can be but one opinion. The student will, no doubt, still find the old works of Golius and Freytag more convenient for reference; the very copiousness of the present work would be a hindrance; but for the advanced scholar, who is desirous of seeing the full riches of the Arabic language, or of tracing the different Semitic roots in this, the most elaborate Semitic dialect, it contains a store of materials which have never before been brought within the reach of European scholarship.

#### SEE-SAW.\*

NOTWITHSTANDING the unknown Italian name which figures on the title-page of Mr. Winwood Reade's story, it may be safely said that neither the style nor the thoughts

\* See-Saw. A Novel. By Francesco Abati. Edited by W. Winwood Reade. London: Moxon & Co. 1865.

could belong to anybody but an Englishman. Still it is just to say that Mr. Reade appears to be an Englishman who has done his very best, by an assiduous study of French novels, to give himself the air of a foreigner. Frequent indecencies, occasional faults of grammar, repeated paradoxes, flippant and quite meaningless, stale prattle about Art—all these in combination remind one irresistibly of the thinnest dregs of Parisian fiction. The author, whether Signor Abati or Mr. Reade, must have treated himself to an amazing debauch on bad French novels in the first instance, and then given way to this capricious effusion as a consequence. The critics differ most wonderfully in their opinions. According to one, Mr. Reade's book is "sparkling and well-written"; while, according to another, it is "whimsical, fantastic, and unwholesome." A third critic admires "its terse and vivid style, its dramatic vigour, its strong sketches of character," and ever so many other qualities; while a fourth denounces it as simply "egotism run mad." A book which can give rise to such enthusiasm on the one hand, and such angry contempt on the other, must clearly possess some rather striking features. The fault of being too commonplace is the very last to which it can be considered as open. The writer's originality is shown even in trifles. We are told of the sanctuary of Vallombrosa that it "lays in the green bosom of nature." What does it lay? The famous Roman ordinarily known as Fabius Cunctator becomes Fabius Cunctatus. Women, it is elegantly said, "love to *uncork their minds* and empty the contents into some female ear." With equal grace of phrase, the author says of two lovers sitting side by side, that "it was a kind of marriage, that—they *undressed their hearts* before each other." The notion of marriage and its privileges incidentally suggested by this curious figure is truly elevated and noble. The gentleman, however, who had thus won the marital prerogative of undressing his heart before his bride was not always faithful. On one occasion, a wicked and abandoned baroness "made him take her to supper at a restaurant where they could enter by a private door; a pair of soft lips soaked in champagne sponged Maddalena from his mind." It is evident that Mr. Reade is unable to conceive mind except as matter. He has solved for himself the puzzle of metaphysicians. Body and spirit come to much the same thing. The spirit, like the body, may be undressed and sponged. It would perhaps be well for the author himself if he were to submit his mind to this wholesome process, and to have it clothed in some clean linen at the same time. For it is not merely in such choice expressions as "uncorking minds" and "undressing hearts" that he vindicates his title as an original and realistic artist. Like most dashing young novelists, he has a great deal to say about women. Any sentence with woman for a subject and an impertinence for a predicate serves the turn of these profoundly philosophic wights. In the brief space of a couple of pages we hear, first, of "the sublime hypocrisy of her sex"; secondly, we learn that "a woman's mouth is the least fortified feature of her face"; thirdly, that "concealment is the first law of woman's nature"; fourthly, that "women are most dangerous when they oppose us with their intuitions; their schemes are silly; the woman who reflects is lost." Our readers will at once perceive Mr. Reade's sagacious wariness of assertion, so remarkably free as it is from all flippancy and affectation and weak impudence. Then what unfathomable depth there is in the author's passionate exclamation—"Ah, what a strange thing is a woman's heart! How it defies and struggles with and stifles her poor weak brain!" It must be an unspeakable comfort to Mr. Reade that he is not a woman, or else he might have had a poor weak brain too, and even been writing such poor weak womanish books as *Romola*. In another place he makes his favourite character describe all women as "tyrannical and vain; they desire to absorb all into themselves; they become jealous of your time, of your thoughts, of all that you do not give to them." This temperate and well-weighed statement is followed by an admirable injunction:—"If you wish to be great, you must abandon them altogether, or make them toys; treat them as people of fashion do their children—have them in only at dessert; take them up as books to recreate the mind through the senses; read them for ideas, and then fling them away." "The love which women can inspire is a poor pitiful passion—insipid, without variety, and brief." After all, who would not think even the robust sensualities of Paul de Kock or some of our own coarsest writers preferable to this most blank and dismal stuff, this exaggerated parody of cynicism? Solemn parents object to see their sons read novels, because they are supposed to abound in love-sick sentimentality. Perhaps the extraordinarily genial and manly views of Mr. Reade's apostle will strike them as less dangerous.

Yet we cannot help fearing that, though the doctrine about men loving women may appear extremely cheerful and sensible, Mr. Reade's views about the loves of women themselves are scarcely so deserving of admiration. "It is an interesting fact that a lovely and insidious woman can dazzle her own sex with her beauty, and captivate them with her arts, as easily as she can our own. While men are struggling against one another in the great arenas of life, women enliven their harem-like forenoons by flirting desperately among themselves." Pursuing this delightful vein, our instructive author says that "each belle has her circle of admirers, who do her homage, and sometimes this homage becomes a passion." "Mock marriages are made"; and to this Mr. Reade adds a remark which it is not necessary to transcribe. Happily, however, "men are always necessary, because they provide the coarser luxuries of life; the purse is in our hands." But for that, women would leave men to themselves.

An appropriate allusion to the Republic of Lesbos concludes this exquisitely delicate and truthful passage. It will be rather hard, after this, to acquiesce in the traditional belief that there are some odious subjects which only a Frenchman cares or dares to handle. Mr. Reade would probably resort in his defence to the usual plea of spurious realism, that such and such things actually exist, or that he is fully persuaded that they exist, and therefore they may justly figure in every form of art. Britannia, with an overwhelming energy of wit, he styles "the pride of the ocean," and he delights in defying her. "I detest its cant of mock virtues," says the mythical Abati, "its prim pruderies, and its dismal Sabbaths; I will never consent to conceal what I see or what I think." The worst of it is, that writers of Mr. Reade's stamp will never see anything but the animal and selfish side of their kind; and as for thinking, Mr. Reade has broken his word, for he carefully conceals that he has even any capacity for that great function. He can write paradoxes and blunt epigrams; but this is only a trick of the time. It is as laughable to hear a manufacturer of these shallow crudities talk about what he "thinks," as it would be to hear a street-boy letting off a halfpenny squib compared to the Sun-god. A man cannot have done much in the way of thinking who can, as Mr. Reade does, couple together "the *chef d'œuvres* of painting, of music, and of the culinary art." These, he tells us, in the oracular fashion which he loves, "can only be enjoyed by those whose tastes have been refined by experience and study." To place cooking on a level with painting and music is a favourite habit of modern young men. A *brochette d'ortolans* ranks with a symphony, and Fracastelli occupies a seat in the Temple of Fame by the side of Beethoven and Tintoret. And we do not know why it should be otherwise. A man cannot ascend above his own nature; and if he takes pleasure in nothing except in so far as it gratifies a sense, he may very well class along with one another, as exactly equal, all the objects that appeal to the senses, without reflecting whether any of them appeal to faculties beyond and above the mere sense. The musician tickles the ear. The painter amuses the eye. That is all Mr. Reade seems to feel about them. So, when the cook tickles his palate, he sees no difference between the processes. A good *potage* excites in his bosom precisely as sublime emotions, calls up before him just as grand pictures, fills his capacious mind with quite as many true and elevated thoughts, as if, instead of *potage*, it had been the "Jupiter Symphony," or Rubens's "Descent from the Cross." Of course, if a man chooses to sell his birthright of fine emotions and lofty ideas for a literal mess of *potage*, nobody has any right to interfere with him. Only we may protest against the effrontery of declaring that the *potage* and the fine emotions and lofty ideas are all of equal worth and equal rank in the scale of desirable objects.

After all, Mr. Reade is no worse and no sillier than a great many young men of his time. The glorification of merely sensuous pleasure, veiled by specious phrases about art, is one of the favourite creeds of the day. Art, in the mouths of such people, is only another name for being conceited and selfish on principle. The shrivelled being whom Mr. Reade holds up to our admiration under the name of *Jenouire* is meant to typify the true artist. Yet he is the creature who talks the foolish stuff about the love which woman can inspire being a poor fitful passion, "insipid, without variety, and brief." The artist is no longer the man who cultivates the widest and most generous sympathies, the warmest and most expansive passions, but a monster who cares for nobody but himself, and who cares for himself principally as an appreciative receptacle of good food and drink. He no longer views human interests as interesting to himself too. All men are hypocrites and fools and dupes; and the rogue is as great a fool as the dupe for taking the trouble to be dishonest, and the hypocrite is an imbecile for the homage which he pays to virtue, and we are all gibbering shadows playing parts. It is a comfort to think that the people who hold this hateful theory are too weak intellectually to present it with any force or attractiveness. So long as Mr. Winwood Reade remains, as he appears to be at present, unable to create a character, or invent a connected plot, or develop a reasonable situation, the moral unwholesomeness of his doctrine cannot be infectious. A puny Pelham is not so very dreadful a personage after all, except that he is very dreadfully tiresome.

#### THE ARCHEOLOGIA.\*

*NOBLESSE oblige* is a saying as applicable to societies as to individuals. We must do the Society of Antiquaries the justice to allow that it is not unmindful of the duties which this saying inculcates, and that it worthily continues, under circumstances of considerable disadvantage, the honourable traditions which for upwards of a century of "chartered," and a still longer period of unchartered, existence have combined to build up in this country a school of archaeology second to none in any part of Europe. When we speak of disadvantageous circumstances, we refer more especially to the growth, during the last thirty years, and in all parts of the country, of local associations which tend to divert from the great London Society a number of communications which would otherwise find a place in the pages of the *Archeologia*, and enable the Society to issue its publications with greater regularity. Even in London itself, unfortunate circumstances have had the effect of dividing labours which would surely be more satisfactory and more complete if they were made under common auspices and a common head. The Archaeological Insti-

tute and the Archaeological Association may, indeed, be said to fill up ground not occupied by the Society of Antiquaries, in virtue of their itinerant propensities; but we confess we see no valid reason why the Antiquaries should not add to their present proceedings at Somerset House the more or less agreeable office of starting it in the provinces, under a fixed and definite system, and for specified objects. We venture to throw out these remarks because the lamented death of Dr. Pettigrew, the great supporter and founder of the Association, on the one hand, and that epoch in the life of the Institute, on the other, which is typified in its meeting in London in the present year, seem to afford an opportunity for raising the question whether some sort of modification might not take place in the Cerberus which at present guards the entrance to archaeology in London.

But while the Society of Antiquaries has to cope with disadvantages arising from this untoward division of labour, it is quite able to hold its own as far as the ability and learning of its publications are concerned. It possesses in its Director, Mr. Franks, the official editor of those publications, a man eminently endowed with the varied qualifications which such an office demands. No one who has dropped in at Somerset House on a Thursday evening can fail to have been struck with the singularly versatile lore which Mr. Franks brings to bear on the various papers read, or the objects sent for exhibition—objects which, in many cases, have never been seen by the Director before he entered the room that same evening. Inscriptions which others have pronounced indecipherable, forgeries which have duped the intelligence and robbed the pockets of individuals and of governments, are deciphered and detected by his practised skill. The octavo *Proceedings* of the Society are perhaps a greater monument of his learning than the more imposing quartos of the *Archeologia*. It may be safely asserted that there are very few men in England who are competent to do what Mr. Franks has done for some years in the editing of those smaller Transactions. It is not, however, with the *Proceedings* that we have now to do. The volume before us (which is divided into two parts) is the latest issue of the quarto Transactions or *Archeologia*, and, both for the well-assorted variety and the solid value of the contents, it reflects the highest credit on the Society. The most popular and the least popular archaeology of the present day—flint implements and the antiquities of the law—here receive adequate illustration. On the former subject the Society of Antiquaries has a peculiar right to be heard, for it is in their Museum and in their Transactions respectively that there are to be found the first specimens and the first record of those flint implements in the drift which of late years have given rise to so much interesting discussion, and to not a little uninteresting abuse. As far back as the year 1797, Mr. Frere, a Fellow of the Society, exhibited drawings of "Flint Weapons discovered at Hoxne, in Suffolk," accompanied by a paper in which he styles them "weapons of war fabricated and used by a people who had not the use of metals," and conjectures that the geological formation in which they were found "may tempt us to refer them to a very remote period indeed, even beyond that of the present world." Mr. John Evans, whose name is not less famous as the Eckhel of the numismatics of the ancient Britons than as the founder of the archaeology of flints, gives us, in this volume of the *Archeologia*, a paper on "Further Discoveries of Flint Implements in the Drift on the Continent and in England," which, together with an earlier contribution on the same subject, forms a very valuable repository of facts and conclusions connected with one of the most popular subjects of the day. We have a malicious satisfaction in thinking that, while a body so famous as the Académie des Sciences in Paris has covered itself with ridicule by endorsing the most preposterous theories of those who think it inconvenient to recognise the genuineness and to admit the antiquity of the worked flints under discussion, in this country a happy union of archaeology and geology has given birth to a sounder school of criticism. Of this school Mr. Evans is one of the leading representatives, and we look with much interest to the prosecution of his labours in these important investigations on the history of the human race.

This volume records a discovery of no small importance to the history of art in England in one of its branches. We have always been told, and the statement has been very generally received, that Holbein died of the plague in London, in 1554. It is true that we have no record of there having been any plague in London in that year; the evidence goes rather the other way. Still, nothing had disturbed the unanimity with which the received version of Holbein's death—as regards both its date and manner—was accepted, until Mr. W. H. Black, F.S.A., discovered, and in the following week laid before the Society, a copy of the will of "John Holbeine Holbeine, servaunte to the Kynges Majestye," which proves incontestably that Holbein died in 1543, eleven years before the date usually assigned. For the discovery of the will itself, which took place in the Record Room of St. Paul's Cathedral, all credit is due to Mr. Black; but for what we have called the incontestable proof that the John Holbein mentioned in this will (and who appears to have died in a state of great poverty) is the famous painter, Hans Holbein, we turn to Mr. Franks's paper, which is characterized by his usual sagacity and research, and of which the substance may conveniently be stated in his own words:—

I trust that sufficient evidence has been brought forward to show that the testator of the will discovered by Mr. Black coincides with Holbein the painter, in his name, his position, his probable nationality, his necessitous circumstances, his associates, his residence, and the pestilential season in

\* The *Archeologia*. Vol. XXXIX. Sold at the Society's Apartments in Somerset Place.



which he died; while, by shortening the artist's career by eleven years, we account for the omission of his name from all documents between 1543 and 1554, and for the paucity and mediocrity of the works attributed to his later years.

The only thing we have to desire in Mr. Franks's paper is a list as complete as could be made of the works so attributed, and which the discovery here recorded proves to have been the work of some other artist or artists. And here the inquiry naturally suggests itself, to whom must we assign the pictures of which Holbein has been thus deprived? To this inquiry Mr. John Gough Nichols and Mr. Scharf have respectively addressed themselves in two papers, which immediately follow Mr. Franks's memoir. The former deals more especially with documentary evidence, and gives valuable facts on the lives and works of the contemporaries and successors of Holbein; the latter confines himself to the identification of existing pictures with the names of the artists so recorded in written or printed documents—a task for which Mr. Scharf's occupation as Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery gives him peculiar facilities. To the same writer we are indebted, in a subsequent part of the volume, for interesting papers on portraits at Windsor Castle, Wilton House, and Hampton Court, and especially on portraits of Prince Arthur, the son of Henry VII. We may observe, in passing, that we cannot compliment the Society on the engraving published in illustration of this paper (p. 246) from a drawing by Mr. Scharf of a portrait exhibited before the Society, by Her Majesty's permission, and which had hitherto been known at Windsor as a portrait of Henry VIII. when young, till Mr. Scharf succeeded in identifying it as that of his brother, Prince Arthur. It has a most feeble and washed-out appearance.

The *Archæologia* is, on the title-page, explained as meaning "Miscellaneous Tracts relating to Antiquity." The contents of the volume both justify the epithet and show the care with which the editor has executed his task. In Egyptology, as it is called, we have papers by Mr. Birch, Mr. Charles Goodwin, and Mr. Stuart Poole—all of them men who have a right to be heard on the particular subject. Mr. Poole's paper is interesting even to the general reader, for it contains a forcible and lucid statement of the grounds why such a science as Egyptology should be allowed to have any existence—a concession which the late Sir Cornwall Lewis, it will be remembered, was unwilling to make. The Roman antiquities of Dorsetshire are ably illustrated by Mr. Warne (who has made that county so thoroughly his own), and those of London by Mr. Tite, who supplies us with a very interesting series of notes on the Roman remains which have been found in London since the end of the seventeenth century. Roman history, or at least that portion of it which refers to the landing of Julius Cæsar in Britain, receives an amount of illustration from Lord Stanhope, the President of the Society, the Astronomer Royal, and Mr. Lewin, which cannot but materially assist the discussion of that vexed and confessedly difficult question, at what port did Cæsar land in England?—a question which can only be matched in perplexity by the corresponding *crux*, from what port in Gaul did he start? It appears that, at the suggestion and through the medium of their President, the Society succeeded in obtaining the co-operation of the Board of Admiralty in order to settle for ever at least one of the points involved. We cannot here go into details on this point; but we may state succinctly that the precise question which the survey made on behalf of the Society has conclusively determined is this—namely, that when Cæsar tells us that on Sunday the 27th of August, B.C. 55, he advanced to his landing-place with the tide in his favour—"ventum et æstum uno tempore nactus secundum"—that tide must, on that day of that year, have carried him westward towards Hythe, and not eastward towards Deal. Those who are familiar with the history of this discussion will appreciate the value of this point being established, and will be ready to endorse the words of the Astronomer Royal:—

I congratulate the Society and the literary world upon the great step which has been made by the prudent action of the Society in this matter. It is true that the place of Cæsar's landing is not positively defined by these observations, but a very important point is gained when the error which has prevailed so long, and which in its nature is so seductive, is banished for ever.

The antiquities of English law, forensic and constitutional, are illustrated by Mr. Corner and Mr. F. M. Nichols. The former gentleman (since deceased) communicates a paper on four very curious illuminated drawings of the Law Courts—Chancery, King's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer—which are believed to date from the time of Henry VI. Facsimiles of these illuminations—the originals of which are the property of Mr. Selby Lowndes—are published by the Society, and from their great merit must, we presume, have been executed in Germany. We observe that Mr. Foss, in *Notes and Queries*, is not altogether prepared to endorse Mr. Corner's views; and we must confess that, in this case, the illustrations outweigh in value the accompanying letterpress. Mr. F. M. Nichols contributes a paper on "Feudal and Obligatory Knighthood" which displays great erudition and sagacity. We cannot bestow equal praise on his paper on the "Tenure or Service of Cornage," which we look upon as feeble in its premises and false in its conclusion. The attempt to identify *Cornage* with *Hornsgeld* we can only regard as a failure. We have left to the last two of the most valuable contributions in the volume—contributions to Heraldry—not the senseless quackery of the fifteenth, or rather the sixteenth and later centuries, but the genuine heraldry of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. The first of these papers is by Mr. W. S. Walford, one of

the most accurate and learned heralds in England at the present day. We are glad to have the recommendation of so competent a judge for a suggestion which we find in a note to this paper, and with which we cordially sympathize. *Apræpos* of a MS. copy of M. Paris's *Historia Minor* in the British Museum, of about the year 1250, Mr. Walford remarks:—

The illuminations in that copy of the *Historia Minor* of M. Paris are so exceedingly curious and interesting, especially in regard to early heraldry and mediæval usages, that it is extremely desirable the printed copy of it about to be published under the sanction of the Master of the Rolls should be enriched with woodcuts of these unique sketches, which are believed to be by the author himself. This might be done at no great cost, and it could hardly be considered other than a judicious expenditure.

We trust that this suggestion may not be lost upon the Master of the Rolls. Whatever may be the deficiencies of Lord Romilly as a lawyer, no one can deny the services he has rendered to historical literature by the publications issued under his auspices.

Mr. Walford is followed by Mr. Charles Spencer Perceval, who edits in this volume "Two Rolls of Arms of the Reign of King Edward the First." The first of these rolls has for many years been preserved in the library of the Society, and, according to Mr. Walford, is a copy made in the fifteenth century of a roll prepared about the year 1300. Mr. Perceval has most carefully executed a very laborious task, as may be inferred from the fact that the two rolls combined comprise 1163 coats, of which 350 are common to both.

We have briefly noticed the principal papers in this volume, without any attempt at detailed criticism. Our object has rather been to call attention to a publication which we believe is not as widely known as it deserves. We are credibly informed that, from that supineness which seems to be inherent in the great majority of the members of every Society, many of the Fellows themselves never take the trouble to apply for the volumes of the *Archæologia* due to them in return for their subscription. How much more must the incurious public at large be at a loss to know what lies buried in these quarto Transactions! Our readers will have seen that the subjects discussed in the *Archæologia* are sufficiently varied to suit all tastes; and it may be added that they are for the most part handled by men who know thoroughly well what they are about, and who combine a satisfactory freshness and independence of treatment with studious accuracy in the investigation of facts. May we take the liberty, however, of asking, in conclusion, what and where is *Somerset Place*? We very much doubt whether Somerset House was ever known by that name; and even if it had been, we think it is a piece of antiquarian pedantry to adopt a designation which has become obsolete, and the retention of which can only be justified by a desire to puzzle cabmen and posterity.

#### THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS IN EGYPT.\*

THE notion of an English governess living in a harem seems fearful and wonderful. It fills a rightly constituted mind with as much amazement as if Mr. Whalley were to turn chamberlain to the Pope, or Mr. Tupper were to compose an unseemly song. That a member of that class to which English propriety in speech and conduct is so largely indebted should have entered the service of a Turk, heretic, and infidel, and should have actually passed many months under the same roof with his abandoned concubines, is a circumstance that may make us tremble for the purity of our hearths and the future of our daughters. Next to the British Constitution, the palladium of our national virtue is the British governess—the august being who teaches our women their rigid decorum of manner, their sound and immovable Protestantism, as well as the art of speaking and writing the English language with propriety. It is a great relief and comfort to find that the authoress of the two volumes before us, although she may appear to have bowed the knee to a foreign Baal, has in reality been a sort of chosen instrument for demonstrating to the Turk the great gospel that Britons, particularly Britons who are governesses, never will be slaves. Turkish princesses little knew what it was to "put upon" a member of this stern body. They tried to treat Miss Emmeline Lott as a *Kopek*, "a dog," "an Englishwoman, a Howadjee, an unbeliever, a Pariah, whom both Moslems and Jews despised and spat at." But she was determined to fight her own battle, her "motto being *coûte qui coûte*." No English head of a family would venture to encounter a governess who had once adopted this stern resolve. A quarter's salary would be a very cheap price to pay for defeat in the unequal contest. The Turks fortunately are a more stolid race, and perhaps do not know when they are beaten. One of the Egyptian princesses attempted to "put upon" Miss Lott, so far as to expect her to "kneel at her feet and squat down at her door like a slave." But Miss Lott knew what was due to royalty, and very properly refused to concede one jot more. "I had often," she says, with a decorous regard to precedent, "when a child, been found by Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the late Prince Consort playing about in the private grounds of Frogmore and Windsor; and when I had encountered the royal pair, who took flowers from my basket, which I had gathered in the grounds, and smiled, I stepped aside, stood still, and curtsied—no more. I did the same to the Valide Princess of Egypt, and I thought that was quite sufficient respect to show her, and I never did anything more; nay,

\* *Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople*. By Emmeline Lott, formerly Governess to His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, son of His Highness Ismail Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt. Second Edition. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1866.

I positively refused to do more." Who does not recognise the precise twang with which we are so familiar at home? The English governess, *cechem, non aimum, mutavit*. But worse things were expected than an occasional squatting on the floor. First, she could only obtain Arab fare, the principal dishes apparently being legs of mutton roasted and stuffed with ground nuts, onions, raisins, spice, and sugar, chops fried in syrups, pancakes fried in grease and eaten with syrups, sour milk with slices of raw cucumber floating about in it, and similar dainties. This grievance figures repeatedly, and the "disgust and astonishment" with which it is constantly mentioned are more easily imagined than described. They fill page after page, almost up to the very last chapter. Secondly, there was a certain German laundrymaid in the Harem. On her first night in her new abode, the governess "stared again in astonishment, and looking at the maid Clara, I found that she had seated herself at the table, and was prepared to *hobnob* it with me." Poor Clara! she never dreamt that even italics would have to be resorted to in order to express the full atrocity of her conduct, or that a couple of pages would be required to denounce it. The reader will know the burden of these pages when we say that they begin with a statement that "this was treatment I never expected to receive," and that they end with laments that a certain old German was not there, for, "as she had been accustomed to wait upon ladies in her own country, she would have at once explained to her countrywoman, the laundrymaid, how she might have conducted herself towards me." The next chapter still both opens and ends with this unhappy vench. "The following day," says the authoress, "I was informed by the German laundrymaid that I was expected to clean my own room and wash my own linen," but, like a woman of spirit, "both of these I resolutely refused to do." Further than this, "I lost no time in remonstrating with H. H. the Princess Epouse upon the impropriety of being obliged to take my meals with the German maid, and, although unacquainted with the vernacular, still I managed to make Her Highness sensible that it was a degradation to me." One is rather curious to know how this was managed between two people neither of whom could speak the language of the other. The idea of German laundrymaid and the idea of degradation are both rather complex, and how the first especially could be expressed by a sign seems to pass all understanding. And we fear that Her Highness was not fully sensible of the governess's meaning after all, for this very day "I partook of what was to me my luncheon, and was again subjected to the mortification of having the German laundrymaid as my companion, notwithstanding that I had already complained to Her Highness of such treatment." A little further on we still find the old refrain of complaint at being compelled to take meals "in the society of two clownish disgusting German peasant servants." In fact, we never get to the end of grievances, as the authoress had such keen notions of her rights. "Thanks to the legislators of English jurisprudence"—a remarkable phrase by the way—"a poor governess is not a menial (drudge, though, she too often is made to be); and one thing is quite certain, and that was that no English family ever treated a Prussian *institutrice* as a domestic servant, although, had I not battled against it, the Prussian millionaires in Egypt would have had me served and held in no better estimation than a slave!"

The third grievance, after the chops fried in syrup, and the irrepressible laundrymaid, was the infamously scanty furniture of the writer's room. "I can scarcely describe my disgust and disappointment"—apparently the lady's two prevalent emotions during her sojourn in the harem—"on finding that, although I held the responsible office of *institutrice* to a Prince, the only legitimate son of the wealthiest Prince in the universe, the sole accommodation afforded me was a small wretchedly furnished dormitory, such a chamber as the lady's-maid of any of the wives of our wealthy commoners would not have slept in two nights." From this rather odd expression we might infer, first, that wealthy commoners keep more wives than one; and, next, that the lady's-maid of "any of the wives" of wealthy peers would have done something downright unspeakable at the sight of such a room. However, the room does seem to have been a little bare. It contained no chair, no table, and was "totally destitute of everything to make myself comfortable, not even the convenience of what the French term a *vase*!" The latter humble vessel had to be purchased from time to time out of pocket-money. It is just to say that the whole of the harem was fitted up on much the same principles. To Miss Lott's eyes it looked "like a dwelling which either the poverty or the niggardliness of its proprietor had prevented from being properly furnished." Speaking of the various rooms of the harem, the authoress tells us, with a fascinating recklessness about grammar, that, "accustomed to the elegant manner in which the drawing-rooms of the nobility of my own country are set off with elegant *fauvelins*, superb occasional chairs, *recherché* nicknacks, as well as a whole host of most costly things, they presented a most beggarly and empty appearance." Strictly taken, this would mean that the rooms of the harem were accustomed to the elegant manner, &c.; but the real gist of the passage is to let the reader know that he is in the society of an authoress who is accustomed to the drawing-rooms of the English nobility. Perhaps Miss Lott would have found the harem a rather pleasanter place if she had thought a little less about the nobility of her country, about having once or twice met Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, and the late Prince Consort in the grounds of Frogmore, and about the legislators of English jurisprudence. Mark Tapley would have made a much more sensible "*institutrice*" to the Viceroy's boy, and he would certainly have given us a more genial and entertaining

account of what he had seen. As it is, the prominent fact which remains in the reader's mind is that Miss Emmeline Lott was a thoroughly ill-used personage by everybody, English, German, Turk, or Ethiopian, with whom she was brought into contact. And this, no doubt, is a faithful representation of what was also the most prominent fact in the authoress's own mind. She never thinks of anything but her wrongs. "My thoughts naturally wandered," she tells us on one occasion, "over the reminiscences of all the varied scenes I had beheld, and the inconveniences to which I had been subjected ever since—"

I trod the soil of Egypt's pestilential shore."

This seems to have been the invariable direction of her thoughts, and yet "I know not why, but my countrywomen are not, as a general rule, very great favourites with any foreigners, especially those residing in the East, unless they have a well-lined purse." Surely the reason was not very far to seek.

On the whole, we suspect, there is uncommonly little to tell about harem life, though the authoress might have made a great deal more out of it than she can be said to have done in the present instance, and at all events she might very well have given us her narrative in a more attractive spirit. The notion which one gets out of Moore's poems about the Peris of the Harem seems to be absurdly hyperbolic. Most of the Peris had faces pale as ashes, and exceedingly disagreeable, in Miss Lott's opinion; and their figures were fat and globular. They were constantly "hooping and hallooing out most indecent language," not being aware, as the authoress most justly observes, that

Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

Their conversation "invariably touched upon things which in Europe are regarded as criminal, abominably indecent, filthy, and disgusting." Their dresses in an ordinary way were of muslin, dirty, filthy, and crumpled, "just as one might imagine the greatest slatterns in the back slums of St. Giles's would be seen walking about in when all their finery had been pledged." It is only when a visit from the Viceroy has been announced that they take any trouble about personal adornment, and then they only throw robes of gorgeous silk, glittering with diamonds, over their frowsy muslins. They appear not to wash the arms and neck, but only to rub a well-souped rag over their faces and hands. They only comb their hair once a week, on the eve of their Sabbath, but on this occasion—festival it may almost be called—"it is well combed with a large small-tooth comb, and the members of the vermin family which were removed from it were legion." The authoress, it may be noticed, has a singularly graceful way of referring to the vermin family. When at the old Palace in Constantinople, she suddenly found that her body-linen was "completely covered with a family of the Browns, who rejoice in the patronymic of bug." This is a really charming paraphrase, so simple and so thoroughly elegant. A fastidious person might object to so much talk about so unsavoury a topic, but so he might to the particularity with which the writer describes the silver basins and napkins and gold-embroidered towels of a room *quod veru dicere non est*.

As might have been expected, the English governess's views about education were not appreciated by her barbarous patrons as they ought to have been. His Highness Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy, did not care to have his son brought up on those excellent principles which excite the enthusiasm of elderly ladies in Bloomsbury or Belgrave. "The irregularity which prevailed in the domestic arrangements of the harem totally frustrated all my endeavours to carry out any regular system." The Grand Eunuch displayed a scandalous and disgusting ignorance of "the manner adopted in Europe of training up young children." So all sorts of irregularities went on. The little pupil aged five would not do anything that he was told. On the contrary, everybody else had to do exactly what he told them. "His will was law; and no matter how singular and unreasonable his whims were, still he must be indulged in them." For instance, a few mornings after her arrival, the governess took her interesting young charge, whom she always takes care to call H.H. the Grand Pacha Ibrahim, out for a walk in the gardens attached to the harem. The child called for a bouquet, and three gardeners rushed off immediately to gather one. But they were rather slow, and H.H. the Grand Pacha Ibrahim flew into a violent passion. When the bouquet was presented to him, he threw it on the ground and "stamped his little feet upon it." After this, he deliberately tore it in pieces; and then, turning round to the eunuchs, "he ordered them, there and then, to cut off sticks and to give the three gardeners a thrashing." Some slaves at once seized the three wretches and threw them down upon the path, when the eunuchs proceeded to bethwack them, to the great satisfaction of H.H. the Grand Pacha. Various other freaks, equally cruel and abominable, are recorded of this infant phenomenon. Still he was, we are repeatedly assured, most kind and attentive to his "*institutrice*." "On my return," says the authoress on one occasion, "I thanked His Highness the Grand Pacha Ibrahim for the very attentive and kind manner in which he had shown me all the lions of the harem garden." This augustly styled being was simply a headstrong, cruelly-disposed little boy, who would have been all the better for a sound birching once or twice a day. But we suppose that no English governess in the universe could bring herself to look upon a Highness as a mere human being. What-ever could have put it into the Viceroy's mind to have an English governess for his child, we are at a loss to guess. The authoress drew up a scheme for the creature's education, and "endeavoured

to obtain Prince taught enough "abandon objection But the one virtue what app governess The Vice Miss Lott apartment expected, trice "ple fully exp indignan luckily h and found fidence, lady's gra was the f chamber few lines giving to prince the be throw were gran and I fel written i penetratio this apho particular the writa that her idea of th gold.

THE v Sybe sions and almost ha especially ment," by history of happy in invariably He concl Englishm in the en is Herr P fortunate very able evitably s utmost p keep pace was nece satellite e the form the only l insure he Louis XI would ex checkmate was a nati the gener open to te Orange, co to any fail breach of feeling. I opportunit a betrayee William o avenged h It is im the closen moderate grounds o We can o spite of t transparent such them Dr. Kar designed f The seco

\* Histori Jahrg. 7. 1 † Cultur Asher & Co ‡ Beitrüg Karlowa. § Das Le G. H. Pertz



to obtain H.H. the Viceroy's sanction to its execution, but that Prince explained to me that he did not wish the prince to be taught from books or toys, as he would pick up English quickly enough by being constantly with me." In consequence she "abandoned all idea of educational training." Perhaps the objectionable little boy was not much the worse for this.

But the worst person must have his due, and the boy possessed one virtue at least which stood his governess in good stead upon what appears to have been a highly critical occasion. The English governess was one day requested to take her pupil to see his father. The Viceroy, unhappily, was sitting in his bedchamber, and thither Miss Lott took her charge; and when she was about to leave the apartment, the Viceroy begged her to draw near. As might be expected, the other ladies construed this to mean that the *institutrice* "pleased" the Viceroy—a technical phrase, which is most carefully explained to us. As might also be expected, the suspicion was indignantly repudiated. The boy was carefully questioned, and luckily he was truthful. So "the crisis passed." I had been tried, and found faithful and trustworthy, and from that time their confidence, respect, and esteem for me rose to par." The English lady's gratitude can scarcely find words. "God be praised, that was the first and last time I ever entered the precincts of the bedchamber of Ismael Pacha, the Viceroy of Egypt." And after a few lines more, she retired to her chamber, and "returned thanking to the Almighty, who had so wonderfully instilled into my prince the virtue of truth, and I prayed that I might never again be thrown into such a dilemma." "God be praised! my prayers were granted; for I was never again placed in a similar position, and I felt the full force of the Turkish expression, 'Whatever is written is written.'" We are sorry, for the credit of our own penetration, to say that, though admitting the remarkable force of this aphorism in a general way, we are quite unable to detect its particular applicability here. However, let us sympathise with the writer's gratefulness for her narrow escape. It is fair to add that her book is tolerably amusing, and that we get from it a fair idea of the squalor and dullness concealed under barbaric pearl and gold.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

THE well-known historical periodical edited by Professor von Sybel\* contains more than one paper which, both for its dimensions and as embodying the results of laborious investigation, might almost have borne publication in a separate form. We may more especially mention an elaborate essay on "English Self-government," by Herr von Noorden, who traces the frequently obscure history of our institutions with great ingenuity, and is particularly happy in pointing out how the designs of the Stuarts against liberty invariably strengthened what they were intended to overthrow. He concludes with an earnest appeal to the present generation of Englishmen to beware of theory, and not to spoil their institutions in the endeavour to perfect them. A still more striking paper is Herr Peter's exceedingly lucid analysis of the policy of the unfortunate Dutch statesman, De Witt. It was the destiny of this very able man to be called upon to govern when Holland was inevitably sinking into a third-rate Power. She had attained the utmost possible development of her resources, and, unable to keep pace any longer with the progress of her neighbours, was necessitated to fall into a subordinate position, as the satellite either of France or England. By allying herself with the former she would obtain security against the enmity of the only Power that could threaten her independence, and would insure herself material prosperity at the expense of making Louis XIV. the arbiter of Europe. By joining England she would expose herself to invasion and financial ruin, but would checkmate the ambition of the French sovereign. The former was a national policy, the latter one conceived in the interest of the general good. The choice of a genuine Dutch statesman, not open to temptation on the side of military glory like a Prince of Orange, could hardly be dubious. De Witt's failure was not owing to any fault on his part, but to the treachery of Louis XIV., whose breach of his engagements caused a violent revulsion in Dutch feeling. De Witt perished in the storm, and Louis had ample opportunity to regret the shortsighted perfidy which had replaced a betrayed friend by the most active and resolute of enemies. William of Orange detested De Witt, but he most effectually avenged him.

It is impossible, from the comprehensiveness of the subject and the closeness of the writer's reasoning, to render justice in any moderate compass to Herr Arnold's† inquiry into the ultimate grounds of law, and its modification by national characteristics. We can only say that it is a masterly performance, entertaining in spite of the abstruseness of the topic, and distinguished by a transparency of diction very unusual among German writers on such themes.

Dr. Karlowa's‡ contribution to the study of Roman Law is designed for jurists only.

The second volume of Marshal Gneisenau's Life§ is as full of

interest as its predecessor, presenting a most lively picture of the efforts of Prussian patriots to deliver their country from its servitude to Napoleon. At the period which it embraces, most of this work had to be performed by mining and countermining, by clandestine preparations, state papers and memorials on all possible subjects, and assiduous diplomatic intrigues. The most interesting portion of the book relates to Gneisenau's missions to Sweden and England at the time of Napoleon's Russian campaign. His object was to bring about a landing of Bernadotte in Germany, supported by an English auxiliary corps, and thus cut Napoleon's line of operations at the base. There can be no doubt of the entire practicability of the scheme; but, as is usually the case when operations are concerted among a number of allies, it was not seriously entertained till the time for it was past. Bernadotte was too intent on securing Norway for himself, and lost the opportunity of enacting one of the most brilliant parts in history. Gneisenau then advised that Wellington's army should be transferred to Germany, and produced a great impression on the Regent, whom he flattered with the prospect of recovering and aggrandizing Hanover. The Duke, however, wisely preferred to finish his task in Spain, and the plan came to nothing. Gneisenau's mission, however, did much to restore the good understanding between England and Prussia. It gives quite a new idea of George IV. to learn that he devoted nine hours to an interview with the Prussian agent, without the assistance of any of his Ministers; and, generally speaking, his participation in public business seems to have been more active and direct than he has usually received credit for. Count Munster, the Hanoverian Minister, also appears to have exercised an influence little suspected by historians. Quite contrary to fact, Lord Castlereagh is mentioned as a fluent speaker but an indifferent administrator. The book abounds with interesting notices of other courts and camps, particularly a memoir on the Russian army, which Gneisenau visited before the opening of the campaign. It is sufficiently clear that the allies were far more indebted to fortune than to good management. Events baffled all human calculation. Every precaution Napoleon took to insure success only served to precipitate his ruin; and, on the other hand, Gneisenau and his friends were in the lowest depths of despondency, while the French army was actually perishing in Russia.

Another interesting contribution to biography will be much less acceptable in the Court and military circles of Berlin. It is the correspondence of Prince Louis of Prussia with his mistress, Pauline Wiesel\*, discovered in France by a political exile, and published, if not with the express purpose of annoying the royal family of Prussia, certainly with no sensitive regard to their feelings. However much the revival of forgotten scandals is to be deprecated, the mischief is not so great in this particular instance, the extreme dissoluteness of the Prince's character being as notorious as the valour which constitutes his only respectable title to the notice of posterity. Nor do these letters represent him in a wholly unfavourable light. They are genuine love-letters, passionate, incoherent, full of repetitions, the effusions of a headstrong temper and an undisciplined mind. The grammar and spelling of the earlier ones are indescribably atrocious, but a great improvement takes place subsequently; and the last, written just before the Prince's death, at the opening of the disastrous campaign for which his rashness was partly responsible, shows that the crisis had not found him insensible to its sobering and elevating influences. Pauline Wiesel herself was of French extraction, and appears to have perfectly represented a common type of Frenchwoman—altogether sensual, but not deliberately immoral; a thorough coquette, but by no means heartless; ludicrously ignorant, but gifted with mother wit and great charm of manner; childish, extravagant, charitable to excess—in a word, such a woman as Goethe had in his mind when he drew Philina. Her beauty and good-nature rendered her very popular in society, and her position as the Prince's mistress did not much curtail her brilliant list of friends. Among the chief was Rahel, whose letters, unfortunately, with but one exception, were bought back by Varnhagen, and probably repose in the miscellaneous stores of Madlle. Assing. The solitary one that remains exhibits the writer in her accustomed character of Mentor to Calypso. Two or three letters from Varnhagen are highly creditable to his sense and kindness, and the same may be said for the more numerous communications of Gentz, plain as it is that this refined voluptuary's regard for Pauline was not entirely of a Platonic nature. The careful memoir prefixed supplies the blanks of the correspondence, and rounds off the little *bijou* collection of billets-doux into a biography.

The biographer of Anacharsis Clootz† has told nothing that might not have been learned from the ordinary sources of information, and has rather obscured a plain subject by the exaggerated importance he ascribes to the proceedings of his crack-brained hero. It is in the power of any man to achieve notoriety; but the possession of real influence, even at the most disorderly periods, implies ability of some kind or other. Clootz was determined to be conspicuous at any price, and just succeeded in becoming sufficiently remarkable for the guillotine. No man had a larger share

\* *Historische Zeitschrift*. Herausgegeben von Heinrich von Sybel. Jahrg. 7. München: Cotta. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Cultur und Rechtsleben*. Von W. Arnold. Berlin: Dümmler. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Römischen Civilprozesses*. Von Dr. O. Karlowa. Bonn: Cohen. London: Nutt.

§ *Das Leben des Feldmarschalls Grafen Neithardt von Gneisenau*. Von G. H. Pertz. Bd. 2. Berlin: Reimer. London: Williams & Norgate.

\* *Briefe des Prinzen Louis Ferdinand von Preussen an Pauline Wiesel, &c.* Herausgegeben von Alexander Buchner. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

† *Anacharsis Clootz*. Dargestellt von Dr. Carl Richter. Berlin: Springer. London: Asher & Co.

in the extravagances of the Revolution, but he had little concern in its atrocities.

Inordinate vanity was also the master-passion of another and much more remarkable man, the subject of another very poor addition to biographical literature. In default of more exalted objects of veneration, Heinrich Heine\* worshipped himself, and seems to have conscientiously regarded an offence to his self-esteem as an Inquisitor would regard a heresy, or a Czar an insurrection. No punishment could exceed the measure due to such impiety; and his fierceness in resenting and his zest in avenging petty affronts have earned him an undeserved character for malice and cynicism. In fact, he was extremely good-natured when his morbid vanity was not in question, and the acknowledgment of this neglected side of his character constitutes the only redeeming feature of Dr. Schiff's rambling essay. It appears that Heine behaved generously to the author, from disinterested motives, as all who have read the recipient's brochure will readily admit. It is a farrago of curious stories about Jewa, which have nothing to do with Heine, who, could he have seen the book, would have been divided between amusement at the part of religious reformer allotted to him, and horror at the intimate association of his name with the Itzigs, Schamschens, Meyers, Schmuls, *et id genus omne*.

Goethe and Leipsic† is a not uninteresting addition to the immense mass of Goethe literature already existing, the point in its favour being that it does not so much treat of Goethe himself as of the host of his acquaintances connected in some way or other with Leipsic. The effect is to bring a number of concise biographies together, and the main characteristic of the book is its great variety. Crowds of personages pass before us and disappear, but not until everything material has been told in a simple, compendious manner.

Stahr's essays on Goethe's female characters‡ are merely a reprint of the letterpress which accompanied the admirable designs of Kaulbach, noticed by us some time since. Such accompaniments are usually esteemed a necessary evil, and though Stahr's productions are far above the average, they are not wholly free from the tame and artificial character incident to whatever is destined, from the first, to be read in an *édition de luxe*. The unpainted ladies are to be celebrated in a second volume, where there will be no excuse for similar shortcomings.

The nature of Herr von Rothberg's § work will scarcely be inferred from its title. It is a commentary upon a very curious book of drawings executed about the year 1480, and representing the manners and customs of the age with great minuteness. It is accompanied by an illustrative text, which seems to have been made up from a variety of sources. The drawings themselves are said by the commentator to be of great merit, and are ascribed by him to Bartholomew Zeitblom, a distinguished artist of the period. They were brought to light in 1855, and are now about to be published in facsimile: the present publication is intended to advertise the collection, and render the substance of the accompanying letterpress accessible in a cheap form. It consists of a series of minute descriptions, with copious illustrations from early German literature, and very free expressions of the author's own views on the political and social questions suggested by the subjects of his commentary. He is an unkempt scion of Arminius, whose patriotism would have lost none of its effect by somewhat more attention to the graces of diction, and whose endeavours for the reformation of German orthography might have been advantageously reserved for a more suitable occasion. But he understands and delights in his subject, and fully succeeds in imparting the interest with which it inspires him.

Herr Brunner|| is a Viennese, endowed with the proverbial liveliness and desultoriness of his fellow-citizens. It would have been too much trouble for him to frame a connected work out of his observations on Italy, and he has consequently been content with sending his rough notes to the press just as he jotted them down. There is a deal of gaiety and point in his remarks; but the "cheerfulness" to which the title of the book prefers a claim is considerably impaired by the violence of his prejudices, and his mania for airing them on every opportunity. As a good Austrian and a good Catholic, his dissatisfaction with the present condition of Italy is intelligible and excusable; but he would have done well to have reserved his protests for a special chapter, instead of detracting from the general pleasantness of his lively chat by a perpetual undertone of growls.

The enigmatical title, *Every Man, Homulus und Hekastus*¶, conceals a very entertaining essay by Karl Goedeke, founded on an old English miracle-play, entitled *Every Man*, of which a spirited translation is given. The play itself is derived from a parable or moral tale of Eastern origin, which appears in Oriental and mediæval literature in a dozen different forms. Herr Goedeke

traces these out with great relish, and gives an amusing analysis of the numerous German and Latin plays in which the same idea was embodied about the time of the Reformation.

It may be doubted whether the merits of the Latin hymn-writers are exactly such as fit their productions for the use of schools. Dr. Kayser\*, of Paderborn, however, has commenced the publication of a neat edition with this end in view. It begins with the fine hymn attributed to St. Hilary, "*Lucis largitor splendide*," the second stanza of which is a curious parallel to one of Shelley's, in the "*Skylark*":—

ST. HILARY.  
Tu verus mundi lucifer,  
Non is qui parvi sideris,  
Venture lucis nuntius  
Angusto fulget lumine.

SHELLEY.  
Keen as are the arrows  
Of that silver sphere,  
Whose intense lamp narrows  
In the white dawn clear,  
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

Herr Helfferich's† essay on German mythology is an ingenious but very fanciful attempt to expound all the mythologies of the earth by their supposed relation to agriculture and pasturage. Moloch, for instance, is milk; the Midgard serpent is only the intoxicating influence of cider, and Thor's encounter with it merely denotes that he strove to abate the nuisance, in the spirit of a parochial clergyman. If all this is meant as a satire on sundry other expositors, it is very well; if otherwise, very wild.

A real desideratum in German literature is now about to be supplied by a complete edition of the works of Friedrich Hebbel.‡ With all Hebbel's faults, he stands alone among his contemporaries; he is a dramatic poet, they are merely playwrights. Next to his morbid taste for the horrible and monstrous, of which he gradually corrected himself, his greatest defect is his imperfect psychology. The motives of his personages are seldom made intelligible, and the action that springs out of them appears, in consequence, unwarrantable and enigmatical. This is particularly unfortunate, as he had a preference for subjects where everything depends upon a correct conception of the motives of the leading characters. His first drama, the "*Judith*," is a case in point. Either Judith was a Jewish Joan of Arc, or she was a monster. Hebbel has not chosen to adopt the natural and simple view, and his heroine is a repulsive caricature. Again, in "*Herod and Mariamne*," the behaviour of the characters as represented by the dramatist is absurd and childish. We can take no interest in such irrational people, whose conduct, however, would have appeared in a different light if the author had, as was his business, furnished us with a clue to it. "*A Sicilian Tragedy*" is probably the most flat and pointless piece ever written by a man of genius with a view to representation. Yet the elements both of tragic and comic interest are there, and might easily have been elicited from the crude story supplied by the newspapers. Such fatal flaws are but imperfectly compensated by the frequent vigour and point of the dialogue, or even by the indescribable something in the style which, especially in "*Herod and Mariamne*," at once betrays the agency of a mind of no common order. It is fair to add that Hebbel's later attempts, which will appear in subsequent volumes, were much more successful. The "*Michael Angelo*" in particular deserves to be cited as nearly perfect in its way.

Hans Lange, § by Paul Heyse, is, like most of this writer's dramatic attempts, a good novel spoiled by being made into a play. The measured development of the action, which is one of the chief beauties of Heyse's admirable stories, appears languid and tedious on the stage.

Robert Schweichel|| is one of the best contemporary German novelists—clear, simple, and pathetic. His range of thought and invention is not very extensive, but he is an excellent delineator of feeling within the bounds it prescribes to him. Robert Waldmüller¶ is a narrator in the style of Heyse, whom he reflects with diminished lustre, through preserving all his model's principal characteristics. Wolfgang Müller's\*\* rank as a novelist is much the same as that which he has long maintained as a poet. He is a plain unaffected writer, whose simple straightforward method of narration conveys a pleasing impression of reality, without much aid from eloquence or art.

Elkehard††, by Scheffel, and Witiko‡‡, by Stifter, are two historical romances, both of which, but more particularly the latter, present a most gratifying contrast to the insipidity of most German stories of contemporary life.

\* *Anthologia Hymnorum Latinorum*. Fasc. 1. In usum scholarum editit Dr. J. Kayser. Paderborn: Junfermann. London: Asher & Co.

† *Zum Verständniss der deutschen Mythologie*. Von Adolf Helfferich. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

‡ *Friedrich Hebbel's sämtliche Werke*. Ed. i. Hamburg: Hoffmann & Campe. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Hans Lange. Schauspiel*. Von Paul Heyse. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *In Gebirg und Thal. Novellen*. Von Robert Schweichel. Berlin: Charisius. London: Nutt.

¶ *Mirandola, die Herrnhuterin, Fra Telesco, Zwei Novellen*. Von Robert Waldmüller. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

\*\* *Von drei Mühlen. Ländliche Geschichten*. Von Wolfgang Müller von Königswinter. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Elkehard. Eine Geschichte aus dem zehnten Jahrhundert*. Von J. V. Scheffel. Berlin: Janke. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Witiko. Eine Erzählung*. Von A. Stifter. Pest: Heckenast. London: Asher & Co.

\* *Heinrich Heine und der Neusraelismus*. Briefe von Dr. H. Schiff. Hamburg: Richter. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Goethe und Leipsic*. Von Woldemar Freiherrn von Biedermann. 2 The. Leipzig: Brockhaus. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Goethe's Frauengestalten*. Von Adolf Stahr. Berlin: Guttentag. London: Asher & Co.

§ *Kulturgeschichtliche Briefe*. Von R. von Rothberg. Leipzig: Weigel. London: Asher & Co.

|| *Weitere Studien und Kritiken in und über Italien*. Von Sebastian Brunner. Wien: Braumüller. London: Asher & Co.

¶ *Every Man, Homulus und Hekastus*. Ein Beitrag zur internationalen Literaturgeschichte. Hanover: Rümpler. London: Williams & Norgate.



G. THORNTON MOSTYN, M.A., } Hon. Secs.  
H. PAUL MEASON, M.A., }  
R. TURTLE PIGGOTT, Secretary.

## TWENTIETH REPORT of the BANK of LONDON.

Capital Subscribed, £500,000; ditto, Paid-up, £400,000; Reserve Fund, £304,411.

HEAD BANKING-HOUSE—THREADNEEDLE STREET.  
CHARING CROSS BRANCH—450 WEST STRAND.

### Board of Directors.

Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart., Chairman.  
JOHN GRIFFITH FRITH, Esq. (Frith, Sands, & Co.), Vice-Chairman.  
CHARLES J. H. ALLEN, Esq. 37 Devonshire Place, Portland Place.  
HENRY ASTE, Esq., 2 Upper Park Place, Haverstock Hill.  
THOMAS DAKIN, Esq., Alderman of London, Abchurch Lane.  
Colonel WILLIAM ELEY, H.E.I.C.S., The Green, Great Ealing.  
THOMAS GOOCH, Esq. (Gooch & Cousens, London Wall).  
FALCONER LARKWORTHY, Esq., 50 Old Broad Street.  
THOMAS LUCE, Esq., Oriental Club, and Malmesbury, Wilts.  
HENRY MORRIS, Esq. late of the Madras Civil Service, 25 Mark Lane, City, and  
Buddleigh Salterton.  
ROBERT PORTER, Esq., 50 Old Broad Street, and Croydon.  
ALFRED WILSON, Esq., Firgrove, Weybridge, Surrey.

Manager—MATTHEW MARSHALL, Jun., Esq.

### Deputy Managers.

JOHN HENRY CHURCH, Esq.  
JOHN DANIEL MASSEY, Esq.

Secretary—WILLIAM OSMOND ALLENDER, Esq.

At the TWENTIETH GENERAL MEETING of the SHAREHOLDERS, held at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate Street, on Wednesday, January 17, 1866.

Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart., in the Chair;

After authentication of the Register of Shareholders, by affixing the Common Seal of the Company, the following Report was read by the Secretary:

The Directors have the pleasure of submitting the annexed Statement of Account made up to December 31, 1865, showing a Balance of Profit amounting to £50,498 4s. 4d.

After payment of current expenses, including full provision for all bad or doubtful debts, and allowing for Rebate of Interest on Bills Discounted not yet due, there remains for disposal the sum of £42,987 0s. 9d.

The Directors declare a Dividend at the rate of £10 per cent. per annum, and a Bonus of £2 10s. per Share, amounting together to 20 per cent. per annum, free of Income Tax. The balance, £2,017 0s. 9d., is carried to Reserve Fund, which now amounts to £304,411 5s. 11d.

The Directors have to announce that, subject to Resolutions to be passed at two successive extraordinary General Meetings, one of which will be held immediately after this ordinary General Meeting, they are prepared to effect a division of the present £100 Shares in the Bank into Shares of 120 each, with £10 paid thereon; the necessary consent of the Board of Trade to such subdivision of Share Capital having been obtained.

### BANK OF LONDON.

LIABILITIES AND ASSETS, DECEMBER 31, 1865.

Dr.	To Capital paid up.....	£400,000 0 0
	To Reserve Fund.....	302,324 5 2
	To Amount due by the Bank on Current, Deposit, and other Accounts.....	4,355,877 0 9
	To Profit and Loss Account after Payment of £31,613 11s. 3d. to Customers for Interest on their Balances.....	60,498 4 4
		£5,107,699 10 3
Cr.	By Investments, viz.: In Government Securities, India Bonds, &c.....	£227,166 11 2
	Ditto in Freehold Premises in Threadneedle Street, let at a rental yielding 48 per cent.....	£40,000
	By Freehold Premises in the occupation of the Bank.....	35,070
	By Bills Discounted, Loans, &c.....	75,000 0 0
	By Cash in Hand and at Call.....	3,983,606 0 10
		£5,107,699 10 3

### PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT FOR THE HALF-YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1865.

Dr.	To Half a Year's Current Expenses at Head Office and Charing Cross Branch, Bad and Doubtful Debts, Directors' Remuneration, &c.....	£16,855 0 2
	To Rebate of Interest on Bills Discounted not yet due, carried to Profit and Loss New Account.....	10,555 3 5
	To Dividend for the Half-Year at the rate of £10 per cent. per annum.....	20,000 0 0
	To Bonus at the rate of £2 10s. per cent. per annum, or £2 10s. per Share.....	20,000 0 0
	To Balance carried to Reserve Fund.....	2,087 0 9
		£50,498 4 4

Cr.	By Balance of Profit for Current Half-Year.....	£50,498 4 4
		£50,498 4 4

### RESERVE FUND ACCOUNT.

Dr.	To Balance.....	£304,411 5s. 11d.
Cr.	By Amount from last Half-Year.....	302,324 5 2
	By Addition brought down.....	2,087 0 9
		£304,411 5s. 11d.

We have examined the above Accounts and find them correct, Jan. 11, 1866.  
GEO. THOMSON,  
GEORGE BOSE,  
FRANCIS NALDER, } Auditors.

It was Resolved unanimously,  
That the Report now read be received.  
The Chairman announced that the Dividend and Bonus would be payable on and after Wednesday, January 24, at the Head Office in Threadneedle Street.

It was Resolved unanimously,  
That the Election of Falconer Larkworthy, Esq., and Thomas Gooch, Esq., as Directors of this Bank, be confirmed.

An Extraordinary General Meeting of Shareholders was then held, when

It was Resolved unanimously,  
That each £100 Share in the Capital of the Bank be divided into Five Shares of £20 each, with £10 paid thereon.

That the £20 Shares be numbered or distinguished as the Directors may find convenient.

That the Directors call in the existing Share Certificates, and cancel the same, and issue fresh Certificates in lieu thereof.

And that, for limiting the Number of Shares of any Holder, and for all other purposes, Five of the £20 Shares shall be equal to One Share of £100.

That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Chairman and Directors for their Services during the past Half-Year.

Extracted from the Minutes,

JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Chairman.  
W. O. ALLENDER, Secretary.

Threadneedle Street, January 17, 1866.

## BANK of LONDON.—Head Banking-house, Threadneedle Street; Charing Cross Branch, 450 West Strand.

Subscribed Capital, £500,000; Paid-up Capital, £400,000; Reserve Fund, £304,411.

Chairman—Sir JOHN VILLIERS SHELLEY, Bart.

Vice-Chairman—JOHN GRIFFITH FRITH, Esq.

Manager—MATTHEW MARSHALL, Jun., Esq.

Deputy Managers—JOHN HENRY CHURCH, Esq.; JOHN DANIEL MASSEY, Esq.

Manager at Charing Cross Branch—GEORGE ROGERS, Esq.

CURRENT ACCOUNTS opened with parties properly introduced, and Interest allowed on Credit Balances. If not drawn below £100.

MONEY RECEIVED on Deposit, repayable at Seven Days' notice, and Interest regulated by the Market value of Money, as announced from time to time by Public Advertisement, the present rate being 5½ per cent.

CIRCULAR NOTES and LETTERS of CREDIT issued free of charge, and all descriptions of Banking Business transacted.

W. O. ALLENDER, Secretary.

## SIX PER CENT. secured on Freehold Property in London.

The Directors of the INNS of COURT HOTEL COMPANY, Limited, are still issuing, for Periods of Three, Five, and Seven Years, Six per Cent. Mortgage Debentures, with Coupons attached for payment of Interest Half-yearly. Investors may pay in Full or by Instalments.

63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C., December 1865.

H. T. L. BEWLEY, Secretary.

## THE ARMY and NAVY.—THE UNITED SERVICE COMPANY, Limited, ARMY and NAVY AGENTS and BANKERS, is prepared to act as BANKERS and AGENTS, and to furnish every Description of Goods and Securities required by Officers in the Army and Navy. Naval and Military Messes supplied with Stores, Wine, Beer, &c.

9 Waterloo Place, Pall Mall.

GEORGE E. HUDSON, General Manager.

## NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK of ENGLAND.

(Established in the Year 1834.)

OPENED for the Transaction of BANKING BUSINESS in London on the 10th of January, 1866, at the HEAD OFFICE, BISHOPSGATE STREET, corner of Threadneedle Street; and at the ST. JAMES'S BRANCH, 14 WATERLOO PLACE, PALL MALL.

Subscribed Capital..... £2,100,000 0 0  
Paid-up Capital..... 1,080,000 0 0  
Reserve Fund..... 225,452 6 2

Number of Shareholders, 1,704.

The NATIONAL PROVINCIAL BANK of ENGLAND, having numerous Branches in England and Wales, as well as Agents and Correspondents at Home and Abroad, affords great facilities to parties transacting Banking Business with it in London. Customers keeping Accounts with the Bank in Town may have Money paid to their credit at its various Branches, and remitted free of charge.

Current Accounts are conducted at the Head Office and at St. James's Branch on the usual terms of London Banks.

Deposits at Interest are received of sums of £10 and upwards, for which Receipts are granted called Deposit Receipts, and Interest is allowed according to the value of Money from time to time as advertised by the Bank in the Newspapers.

The Agency of Country and Foreign Banks, whether Joint-Stock or Private, is undertaken.

Purchases and Sales are effected in all British and Foreign Stocks, and Dividends, Annuities, &c., received for Customers.

Circular Notes, for the use of Travellers on the Continent, will be issued as soon as arrangements can be made.

The Officers of the Bank are bound to secrecy as regards the Transactions of its Customers.

Copies of the Thirty-Second Annual Report of the Bank, Lists of Shareholders, Branches, Agents, and Correspondents, may be had on application at the Head Office and at St. James's Branch.

By Order of the Directors,

A. ROBERTSON, Joint General  
E. ATKINSON, Managers.

## THE CONTINENTAL GAS and WATER COMPANY, Limited.

ISSUE of DEBENTURES in Amounts of £10, £20, £50, and £100, to pay 7½ per cent. Interest at the rate of £80 Cash for £100 Debenture, one-half to be paid on Allotment and remainder in Three Months, having Interest Coupons attached, payable in London Half-yearly, at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum; a portion of the Debentures to be redeemed annually by drawings on January 1 in each year, commencing 1867; the whole to be paid off during the period of the Concession of Port Louis (viz. 25 years).

The above price of issue will give to the holders Interest at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum, and a Cash Bonus of 25 per cent. on the redemption of the Debentures.

These Debentures are amply secured on the Freehold Property and Works of the Company, giving such an unquestionable guarantee of value as will justify Trustees availing themselves of the rate of interest offered, viz. the Gas Works at Port Louis, the capital of the British colony of the Mauritius (population, 25,000), and the Works at Arras (population, 35,000). And it is estimated that the minimum income from Port Louis alone will be ample to redeem the Debentures with interest, and to provide 10 per cent. to the Shareholders.

The Works at Arras have been in active and profitable operation for nearly three years, and public and private Lighting was commenced at Port Louis on November 9.

Further information will be supplied by the Secretary, to whom all applications for Debentures are to be addressed.

60 Gracechurch Street. By Order, HENRY CHALON, Secretary.

## THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

Incorporated A.D. 1720, by Charter of George I.

Chief Office, ROYAL EXCHANGE, LONDON; Branch, 29 PALL MALL.

FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

The Duty on Fire Assurances has been reduced to the uniform rate of 1s. 6d. per cent. per annum from Midsummer, 1863.

No Charge is now made by this Corporation for Fire Policy or Stamp, however small the Assurance may be.

Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital-Stock, and exemption under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a half.

A Prospectus and Table of Bonus will be forwarded on application.

ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

## LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street, London.

For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.

Invested Assets—FIVE-AND-A-QUARTER MILLIONS STERLING.

Annual Income—HALF-A-MILLION.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.

Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons assured on the participating scale of Premium.

At the Six Divisions of Profits which have been made, Bonuses amounting in the aggregate to £4,164,107 have been added to the several Policies.

The Claims paid to December 31, 1864, amounted to £6,560,091, being in respect of Sums assured by Policies £5,167,984, and £4,112,107 in respect of Bonuses thereon.

Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained, and Assurances effected, through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary at the Office in London.

WILLIAM S. DOWNES, Actuary.

## GENERAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, 62 King William Street, London, E.C.

Established 1837. Capital, One Million.

LIFE—FIRE—LOANS.

THOMAS PRICE, Secretary.

## IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,

1 OLD BROAD STREET, and 16 and 17 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL AND RESERVE FUND, £1,900,000.

LOSSES PAID, £200,000.

Fire Insurances granted on every Description of Property at Home and Abroad at moderate Rates. Claims liberally and promptly settled.

All Policies are now entitled to the recent Reduction in the Duty to 1s. 6d. per cent., whether covering Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.

ANDREW BADEN, Superintendent.

## PHENIX FIRE OFFICE.—REDUCTION of DUTY.—The

Reduced Duty of 1s. 6d. per Cent. per Annum is now charged on all Insurances effected, whether on Buildings, Furniture, or Stock.

Lombard Street and Charing Cross, January 1866. GEO. W. LOVELL, Secretary.

## £250,000 HAVE BEEN PAID as COMPENSATION

ACCIDENTS of ALL KINDS, by the RAILWAY PASSENGERS' ASSURANCE COMPANY.

An Annual payment of £3 to £6 5s. secures £1,000 in case of Death, or £6 per Week while laid up by Injury. For particulars apply to the Local Agents at the Railway Stations, and Offices, 64 Cornhill, and 10 Regent Street.

WILLIAM J. VIAN, Secretary.

## SMITH, BECK, & BECK'S New MERCURIAL MAXIMUM

THERMOMETER.—This Instrument cannot be put out of order, and registers the Heat with the greatest accuracy. A Description sent free by post, or to be had on application at 31 Cornhill, E.C.

## COUNCIL MEDAL, 1851.—FIRST-CLASS MEDAL, 1855.—

PRIZE MEDAL, 1862.—The above Medals have been awarded to SMITH, BECK, & BECK, who have REMOVED from 6 Coleman Street, to 31 Cornhill, E.C., where they have opened extensive Show Rooms containing large assortments of Achromatic Microscopes, Stereoscopes, and all classes of Optical, Meteorological, and other Scientific Instruments and Apparatus.—Catalogues sent on receipt of six postage stamps.

## DINNER, DESSERT, BREAKFAST, TEA, and TOILET

SERVICES.—The newest and best Patterns always on view. Every Description of CUT GLASS Varies.

The Stock is well selected, and admirably suited for Parties Furnishing to choose from. A large Assortment of ORNAMENTAL GOODS, combining novelty with beauty.

FIRST-CLASS QUALITY—SUPERIOR TASTE—LOW PRICES.

ALFRED B. PEARCE, 39 Ludgate Hill, E.C. Established 1790.